

The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.
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THE NEW WOMEN OF NEW ZEALAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STANDISH AND PREECE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I observe that the tailor who lately appalled the artists by pointing out their negligence of correct costume in portraits—one of them had actually painted Mr. Chamberlain with a button missing from his waistcoat!—has carried the war into the Legislature. He has prowled about the Lobby and noted the dress in which statesmen think it seemly to conduct the national affairs. He pities the tailor who has the “cutting” of Mr. Balfour’s trousers, and he is perplexed by Lord Salisbury’s “old-fashioned, short Frock-coat.” It is very well for the Prime Minister to be as “conservative in his sartorial appearance as in politics”; but, if that is a principle of conduct which every Tory ought to follow, what are we to say to opportunism in dress? Is fashion a Jacobin in disguise? Does the young Tory buck who wears a more modern Frock-coat than that of his eminent chief run the risk of stimulating the spirit of revolution? I think the mind of the critical tailor is troubled over these grave matters. He would like to see Lord Salisbury more smartly arrayed, and yet he is not sure that this would be conducive to the stability of our institutions! This serious point escaped the philosophy of Herr Teufelsdröckh in “Sartor Resartus.” Dipping into the new edition of that masterpiece, published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, I light on this pregnant passage: “Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords?” And yet there rises the disturbing thought that an assembly, freed from any caprice of fashion by wearing no garments at all, might be even more conservative than the illustrious body of which Lord Salisbury is the most conspicuous ornament.

Well, the professional delicacy of our tailor is offended by the raiment of her Majesty’s faithful Commons, though he expresses himself with admirable restraint. Many of the members “prefer ease to grace.” “Some of the Frocks would serve as excellent dressing-gowns; they were too wide in the back, and hung in folds all over the figures they were covering.” The tailor might understand this better if he were to study the House in Committee of the Agricultural Rating Bill. He would see that the complete repose of the legislative mind in that stage of public business demands an affluent looseness of clothing. I wonder that the favourite Indian garment for the hours of palaver—a blanket with a hole in it—is not adopted by the Parliamentary pale-face when Mr. Speaker is moved out of the Chair. The tailor’s eye is quick to discern signs of a native genius for dressing. Mr. Reginald McKenna rouses him to positive enthusiasm with a slim figure in a “neat-fitting Frock,” and with trousers that “tapered gently from knee to foot.” My compliments, Reginald! You have given the Parliamentary Taper—erstwhile contemned by Disraeli—a new and glorious repute. But what is this I read of “T. P.”? “Tay Pay,” says the candid tailor, “understands the art of dressing; but his Frock lapels curled the wrong way—just an oversight on the part of the workman who made it.” Faith, and this will never do! By our Irish blood, my dear “T. P.,” I adjure you to curl those lapels properly, even if this should cause a new dissension in the ranks of our compatriots who are purshuin’ of their shindies upon the Shannon shore and elsewhere!

I tremble to think that the tailor may extend his studies to literary men, and even to journalists. Dramatists are apparently safe, for I find Mr. Pinero in the *Tailor and Cutter* as an “illustration of British costume” in a “lounge-jacket.” But Mr. Pinero carries his plays in his head; they do not bulge out of his pockets. The hapless journalist, on the other hand, is always bursting with memoranda. Like Miss Flite, he is never without his documents. Douglas Jerrold’s “man made of money” used to peel himself of a bank-note when he wanted a little petty cash. My peeling produces a rind for this page, which, I regret to say, is not legal tender at the Bank of England. How can you figure as an “illustration of British costume” when your lounge-jacket is full of note-books, letters, pencils, and other appurtenances of untiring industry? When the remorseless tailor spies a crease, how can I convince him that it is a beautiful symbol of a restless intellect? And what is the use of telling me to mingle in the crowd of “fashionable Society” and make my “selections” from “present-day styles,” when, even in Mr. Pinero’s beautiful lounge-jacket, I should carry the unmistakable stamp of the shapeless human document?

Max Nordau assures us, in “Paradoxes,” that pessimism is a form of disease, and that optimism is the unquenchable impulse of the race. That, no doubt, is why the journalist comes to regard a pocket

as an insatiable maw, and to resign himself to the disfigurement of his person. Optimism sustains many people in a devotion to bad tobacco. In the library of my club sits a man of affairs who uses the privilege of smoking there for the worship of a pipe emitting acrid odours that might revolt the nostrils of the dead. When that pipe is lighted, I can see a kind of sacerdotal bliss stealing over his features. It is optimism again—the unflagging pursuit of the ideal—which disposes men to give incredible prices for cigars. In the *English Illustrated Magazine* I find some thrilling revelations by a tobacconist. Even a tobacconist may be an optimist! This one thinks a shilling a sufficient price for a cigar, but describes with lyrical enthusiasm the brand for which he will charge you ten shillings. It is pure optimism which enables me to read without a pang that the “fortune of Havanas is over.” I dare say you can’t smoke a really fine Havana unless you are a Cuban insurgent; but who supposes that the trade in cigar-cases will decline? “Wherever you go in the civilised world, you are met by a Bock.” You are, especially in a Paris *café*, where the personators of Bocks emerge from their receptacles without a tinge of shame in their tawny complexions. While man is deluded by tobacco, and mocked by the vintage of claret, faith is clearly the indestructible element of human nature. If we were dwellers in the land where it is always afternoon, an inferior kind of lotus would be eaten with perfect satisfaction, amidst eloquent discourse by connoisseurs on the spread of civilisation.

The survival of the pun as a form of British humour is one of the strongest tributes to optimism. Your punster is always happiest when courting execration. If he can provoke a groan from an audience, he tastes the sweets of success. In Shakspere, punning attains the dimensions of a crime. “Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, false Jew,” would certainly damn any modern dramatist beyond reprieve. I have lighted upon a dreadful little compilation, called “A Pennyworth of Puns,” which will probably be committed to memory by facetious citizens. How many innocent households will be plunged into guilt by the anecdote of the humorist who stopped two farmers on the high road, and, finding that they both took snuff, remarked, “Then you are a pair of snuffers!” This witticism was capped by another jester who, seeing a man carrying a hare, cried, “Hullo! Is that your own hare or is it a wig?” A rollicking pennyworth to set before the British householder! No doubt he will keep this side-splitting work at his elbow, when he sits at the head of the table, so that the junior humorists of the family, together with helpless guests, may be vaccinated, so to speak, with historical puns!

Still, the pun has lost somewhat of its ancient sway in the theatre. In the heyday of Byron (H. J.), the dialogue of “comedy” sparkled with this verbal entertainment. Robertson had no turn for punning; indeed, he regarded it with resentment. In “M. P.” there is a youth who is full of inane jokes, and meets remonstrance with the explanation that he is studying a part in the “new burlesque.” Having a consummate memory for trivialities, I can recall two lines which this young gentleman murmured with deep contentment—

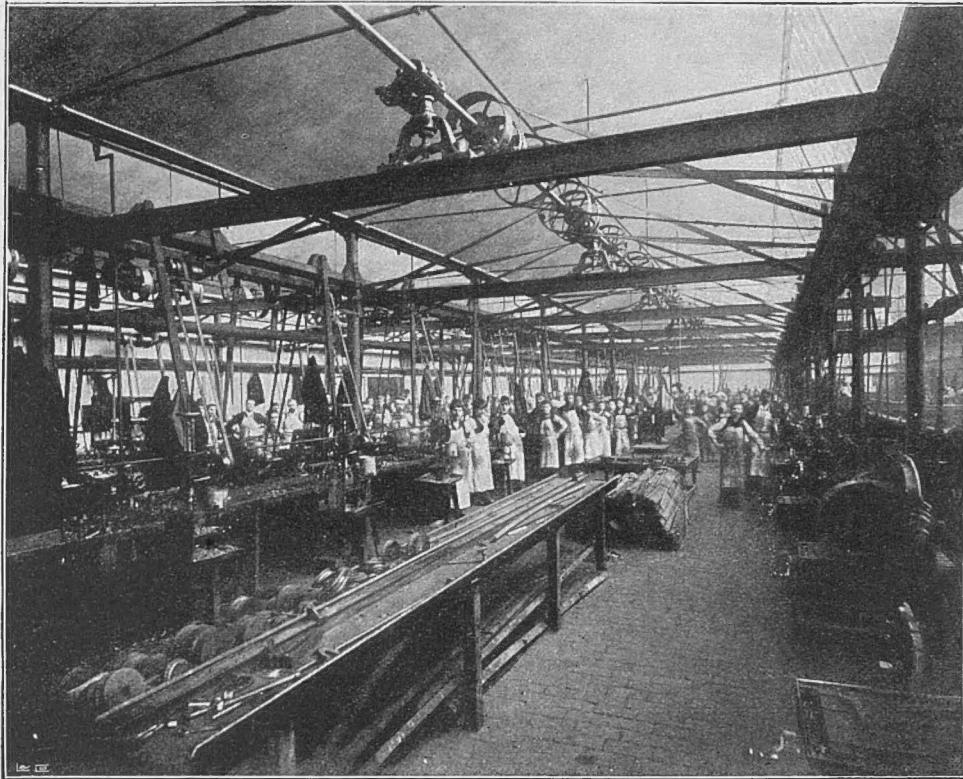
My love’s a blonde, most beautiful to see;
I only wish that she be-londe to me!

Robertson’s satire was not very biting, and I dare say the industrious compiler of the “Pennyworth” will enrich his next edition with this gem. But there is a sensible decline of the pun in modern comedy, and even the burlesque writers do not depend upon it as their sole means of subsistence.

Is the drama still subject to the potency of beer? In a graphic account of the first night of “Hamlet” at the Lyceum, reprinted in “From ‘The Bells’ to ‘King Arthur,’” Mr. Clement Scott describes the crucial moment towards the end of a very long performance, when some old stagers doubted whether the pit would forego the accustomed tankard for the sake of the fifth act. Destiny was closing upon Hamlet, but the public-houses were closing too. Could the pitties stand the spectacle of the poisoned chalice when they knew that the cool, refreshing beer was passing beyond their reach? Were they more of antique Romans even than Horatio, who wanted to finish up the poison which had strewn the stage with corpses? The chronicler tells us that the crowning triumph of Irving’s Hamlet was his subjugation of this midnight thirst. Perhaps a later historian will relate how an Adelphi hero overcame the popular relish for oranges in the gallery of that playhouse. Do you remember Mr. Ruskin’s story of the playgoer who ate oranges through “King John,” and met reproof with, “Well, this play ain’t true, and, if it was, it’s nuthin’ to me!”? Well, I don’t know whether oranges and beer still hold their own against drama. It is a nice subject for statistics.

CYCLES AT COVENTRY.

It seems but a few years ago that Coventry was a small, insignificant town; a manufacturing centre, it is true, but a place so sleepy in appearance that people laughed when they contrasted it with several of the neighbouring towns, now themselves insignificant by comparison. Indeed, almost everything in Coventry has been changed. The town so



THE MACHINING SHOP.

long ago made famous by the fair Lady Godiva's act of humiliation and heroism has lately developed by leaps and bounds, and its name has become a by-word among ladies devoted to the newest, most up-to-date, and not least attractive form of exercise. The streets that Lady Godiva rode through so many centuries ago are now daily traversed by scores of lady cyclists, who, though at first they, too, attracted notice, are at last looked upon, even by the most fastidious of straitlaced busybodies, as rational beings. That it took the more decorous inhabitants of Coventry a long time to become accustomed to the sight of girls riding bicycles is not surprising. We English are so emphatically conservative in all our views, our sense of propriety and of the fitness of things is so exquisitely fine, "so drawn out," as they say in the Western States of America, that a considerable period has to elapse before we grow reconciled to innovations. And Coventry, be it remembered, was one of the first English towns to adopt the female bicycle, if the term may pass, after that machine had been fashionable in Paris for over a year. London, however, took it up several months later, and then, of course, the rage for cycling rapidly spread.

Happening to be in this great cycling centre last week, with several hours to spare, and being myself a recent victim to the bicycling epidemic, it struck me that a visit to one of the chief cycle manufactories, of which we have lately heard and read so much, might be of interest. The Singer establishment lay close at hand, so the cabman said; it was one of the largest of the cycle manufactories, and well worth visiting, he believed, and leave for admission would, perhaps, be granted to a *bona fide* applicant wishing to see the place solely out of curiosity and not in order to steal ideas. Encouraged by this information, I drove to the big red-brick building that he pointed out as the headquarters of Messrs. Singer and Co., and was fortunate in finding the managing director of the present company, namely, Mr. George Singer himself, in his office and at liberty to see me.

"You are welcome to inspect the works," he said, after a few minutes' conversation, "and, as the men are now at dinner, you will find the place empty and at peace. The noise in some of the shops would almost deafen you at any other time," and, summoning an assistant to show me round, he bade me good-morning.

Certainly the cabman had spoken the truth. The works are truly "well worth visiting," though, of course, leave to see them is not easily obtained in a general way. On entering the first of the enormous shops, where hundreds upon hundreds of tubes in an early stage of transition are spread out in rows, awaiting their turn to undergo the next process, it is hard to realise the fact that barely five-and-twenty years ago the bicycle was practically non-existent, and the cycle trade of no real importance. It was at about that time—in the year 1874, to be

accurate—that Mr. George Singer, a practical and clever mechanical engineer, organised and started a small cycle-manufacturing company, under the name of Singer and Co. That company it is which has since developed into the enormous and flourishing financial concern now so widely known by name and reputation. And here it may be well to mention incidentally that Messrs. Singer and Co., Limited, are in no way connected, as some suppose them to be, with the Singer Sewing-Machine Company. The present cycle company deals with cycles only, and is practically owned and controlled by Mr. George Singer and by his brother-in-law, Mr. J. C. Stringer, who many years ago joined partnership in the original firm.

"This is the turning and machining department," my informant said presently, as we entered a large shop containing benches and lathes almost innumerable, "one of the most interesting departments, as practically all the fine work—all the turning, the milling, the drilling, the profiling, and so forth—is done here. If all the machinery contained in the various sections of this department were placed in a single row it would extend to nearly a mile. The lighting, you notice, has been carefully attended to; it is arranged in such a way as to be of the greatest possible advantage and convenience to the workmen. This is the tool-making shop," as we passed into the next room, "where we make special sorts of tools required in the construction of cycles. Here is the steel-polishing shop, 174 ft. by 40 ft. These polishing spindles revolve at terrific speed, making some three or four thousand revolutions a minute, for a perfect polish cannot be obtained without speed. And here," as he opened another door,

"we make screws and spokes only. Every spoke

and every screw is tempered and tested. You may have noticed that, on applying a spanner to the heads of bolts of some cheap machines, the entire head crumbles away like cheese. Screws of that sort are, of course, not made of steel, and should never be found in a first-class cycle, or, indeed, in any cycle. Now I will show you the largest shop of all, the general fitting-shop. It covers some 41,000 square feet of ground, and is one of the largest shops of the sort in the United Kingdom. Hundreds of hands work in this department alone; the frames, forks, handle-bars, and other tubular parts of machines are made and fitted up here. Every part that has to be plated is copper-plated before being nickel-plated, you see," he continued, as we entered the



DRILLING AND MACHINING SHOP.

plating-room, in the corner of which two powerful dynamos were hard at work. "Also, every sort of greasiness must be removed from the parts to be plated before the plating process is begun, otherwise the plating would not 'take.' Black enamelling is a comparatively simple process, but the fashion for coloured bicycles is increasing, and colours cannot be applied so easily. 'Lined' wheels and 'lined' mud-guards are also more in vogue now than formerly, and the 'lining' has to be done by special hands. The number of stages through

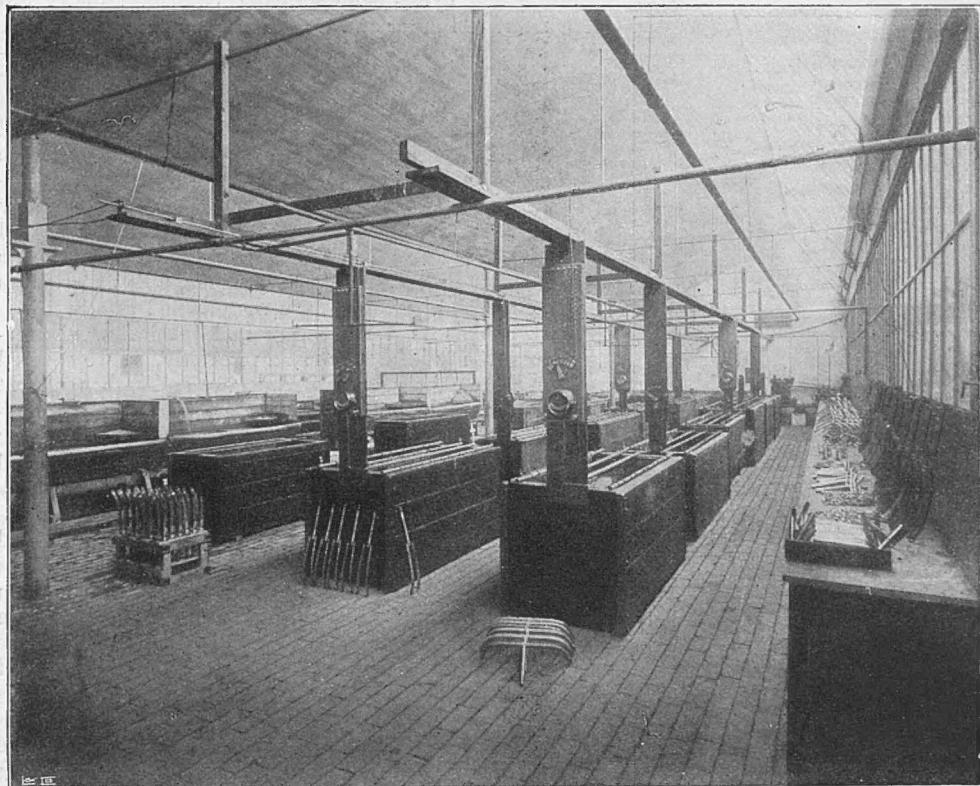
improved monthly, almost weekly. Notice the narrowness of that tread; that is quite a recent improvement. The bayonet-fluted crank is also a novelty. It is lighter, and looks neater than the solid crank. Again, a short crank is very popular among ladies. Nothing looks so bad as a lady 'pedalling high.' Then we make the handle-bar shorter, and so bring the handles closer together than formerly, and, altogether, the machine of to-day is a far better and more compact one than last year's bicycle. Who actually designs these changes? Mr. Singer himself, many of them, and we have an engineer always experimenting. Other alterations and improvements suggest themselves to the leading artisans."

The Paris dépôt is situated in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, near the Arc de Triomphe. Being often in Paris, I have reason to know how great a convenience this dépôt has proved itself to be. When first cycling became popular in Paris, fashion's votaries were willing to pay almost any reasonable price for a good machine, but good machines were to be obtained at comparatively few houses, and, of course, the rush for "Singers" proved as great as it was unexpected. Even three or four years ago the company had no idea that the run upon bicycles would become so enormous, though they knew that the popularity of the bicycle was spreading among the better classes. What the state of things with regard to cycles will be ten years hence it is impossible to foresee. Motor cars will by then have come to the front, most likely, and it seems more than probable that a motor cycle will come after it, provided the law limiting the rate of speed at which "locomotives" may travel be altered.

New cycle companies and tyre companies are being started almost weekly; but it seems doubtful whether, in spite of the enormous demand for machines, they will all succeed. Naturally, some of the machines are merely thinly veiled imitations of those already on the market, and as such they are not likely to be preferred to the cycles made upon original patterns. As for pneumatic-tyre companies, the rate at which they are being organised is almost in excess of the pace at which nowadays one weekly newspaper is brought out after another. The public hope all to make as enormous fortunes by buying shares in these companies as original

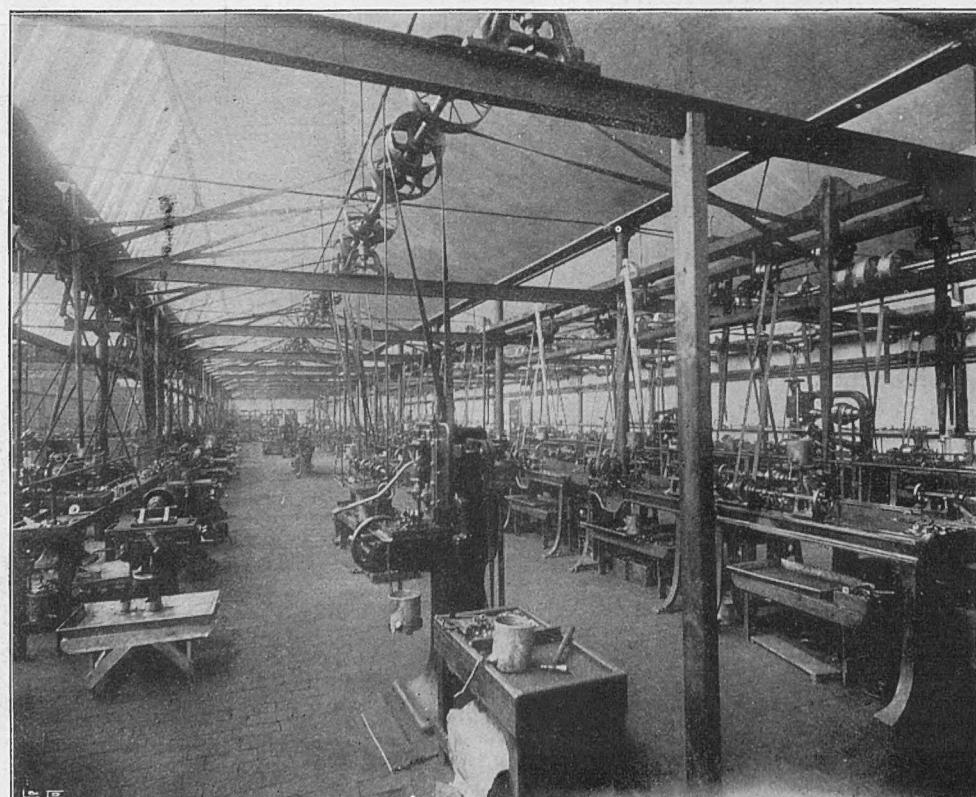
shareholders in the Dunlop have made. Some shareholders in a few of the new companies will, of course, rake in large fortunes, but others are bound to suffer sooner or later. About a fortnight ago, in Ireland, for instance, people were tumbling over one another, as the saying is, in order to secure shares in one or other of these pneumatic-tyre companies. But then the Irish are famous for the delight which they take in speculating upon uncertainties, and even if they lose, they will be happy under the circumstances, having had a run for their money, as they themselves would express it. Even during the races at Punchestown one could hear bookmakers in the ring talking of tyres and pneumatics among themselves.

B. T.



THE PLATING DEPARTMENT.

which every part of a cycle has to pass before the machine is ready to be packed is enormous. Almost at the last moment, sometimes even after the enamelling is finished, a tiny flaw is discovered in one part or another, and a fresh limb, perhaps a new tube or a different frame, must be substituted. You know that the 'Singer' steering-locks and the 'Singer' ball-steering were among the improvements first introduced by this firm? We were also the inventors of the diamond frame, now so largely used. How many machines we make annually? That is hard to say; but we turn out one about every few minutes, and there is a market for four times as many as we are able to produce. The demand in Great Britain and Ireland for bicycles is so great that we have stopped our transatlantic export-trade. More than eight hundred hands are employed in this establishment, and, of course, each man attends only to his own particular line of work. When any person contemplates buying a bicycle, he or she should remember that safety of limbs and life may depend upon the machine. Sometimes you hear of a bicycle breaking in two, and so injuring its rider. Naturally, all the blame is immediately cast upon the machine and its maker; but in almost every case—I might say, in every case, when the bicycle is one of the first grade—there was some simple though hidden reason for the accident. Probably the machine had a severe fall, or collided with something a short time, or even a long time, previous to the catastrophe. At the time the bicycle seemed none the worse for the accident, but, depend upon it, secret damage was done. If only for this reason, it is never advisable to buy a second-hand machine. Yes, ladies are growing fonder and fonder of wheeling, and no wonder. You have noticed what a number of ladies ride in this town? Boys, too, are devoted to bicycling, and take keen interest in 'seeing bikes made' when they get a chance of doing so. Many a boy wouldn't mind being 'sent to Coventry' now," he added, with a smile. "This is the 'Grand Modèle-de-Luxe,' our very best machine. Quite a picture, isn't it? There is as much difference between an inferior machine and a good one as there is between a screw and a thoroughbred—between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse, as I have heard someone say. Rising in price? That is but natural, in the face of the present demand. Besides, bicycles are being



A MACHINING SHOP.

THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.



THE CZARINA AND HER DAUGHTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.

Photographs by Pusetti, St. Petersburg.

THE CZAR.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT MOSCOW.

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TRILBY.
HENRY IV. will be played TO-MORROW (THURSDAY), FRIDAY, and SATURDAY
EVENINGS at 8.15
Box Office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 10.
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LYCEUM.—Under the management of Mr. Forbes Robertson and
Mr. Frederic Harrison. (Lessee, Henry Irving.)
EVERY EVENING at 8.45 (LAST FOUR NIGHTS).
FOR THE CROWN.
Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Charles Dalton,
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LAST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT (May 30) at 2.30. LYCEUM.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, TWO GRAND BALLET,
FAUST and LA DANSE.
GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

ALIAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND
BALLETTS, BLUEBEARD and LOCHINVAR, THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.
Grand Varieties. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

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EARL'S COURT.
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.
ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.
Season Ticket 10s. 6d.

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Gorgeous Spectacle. 1200 Performers.
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Twelve Hours' Continuous Enjoyment, from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. INTERNATIONAL CYCLE
RACES. OSCAR CARRE'S ROYAL NETHERLAND CIRQUE. GRAND BALLET
DIVERTISSEMENT. THE NEW OLYMPIA PLEASURE GROUNDS NOW OPEN. Acres of
Alluring Loveliness. The Greatest Variety Show ever presented to the Public. For particulars
see Daily Papers.

S. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.
Now on View,
"Langham Sketches," by Geo. C. Halté, President Langham Sketching Club.
Admission, with Catalogue, 1s.
May 16 to June 6.

SPA SUMMER SEASON.—Racing, Pigeon-shooting, Tennis, Concerts,
Swimming Contests, Water Polo, &c., &c., and CERCLE DES ETRANGERS, with Roulette,
Trente-et-Quarante, and all attractions of Monte Carlo. Excellent hotels, with inclusive tariffs of
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H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Kings of Italy and the Belgians, Prince Henry of
Prussia, the Crown Princes of Italy and Greece, the Duke of Fife, and the Duchesses of Manchester,
Sutherland, and Bedford, and other distinguished personages.
Catalogues obtainable and the Cycles may be seen at 32, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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Golf. Tennis. Beautiful drives. Good bathing and fishing.
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FISHING, YACHTING, COACHING. SPECIAL GRANVILLE EXPRESS DAILY.
Under entirely New Management. CARL G. GRUNHOLD, Manager.

THE RESTAURANT BURLINGTON, 169, REGENT STREET,
IS NOW OPEN. The exquisite cooking and artistic surroundings, combined with the ever
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One is at once reminded of a diner or déjeuner overlooking the Parisian Boulevards. Mons.
Zimmermann (from the Savoy), Manager. Mons. Cléau (from the Amphitryon), Chef de Cuisiné.

RICHMOND (SURREY) HORSE SHOW,
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, June 12 and 13, 1896.
Classes for Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses, Tandems, Four-in-Hands.
JUMPING COMPETITIONS.
Challenge Cup for Hunters, value £110; Challenge for Harness Horses, value 50 guineas;
Numerous Special Prize Silver Cups, and greatly increased Prize-Money.
Entries close May 30, or, with double fees, June 1, 1896.
Schedule of Prizes of GERALD FITZGERALD, Secretary and Manager.
Offices, Station Hotel, Richmond, Surrey.

IMPERIAL INSTITUTE SUMMER SEASON, 1896,
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COLONIAL AND INDIAN PRODUCTS.
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INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MOTORS, &c., ever displayed.
"HORSELESS" CARRIAGES of every description and unrivalled in examples and interest.
MOTOR CARRIAGES, CYCLES, &c., SHOWN IN OPERATION, 2 to 3.30 and
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Sporting Trophies and Curiosities (from India and Colonies) of H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans.
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The
CELEBRATED MONTE CARLO ORCHESTRA
(65 Performers; 18 Soloists).
TWICE DAILY—4.15 to 6 and 8.45 to 11 p.m.
Reserved Seats—4s., 3s., and 2s. (numbered), and 1s.
West Garden Pavilions and Enclosure when fine; Great Hall when inclement.
LUNCHEONS from 1 p.m., DINNERS from 6.30 p.m., in the EAST GARDEN PAVILION.
TEA and LIGHT REFRESHMENTS in the WEST GARDEN.
Trains and Buses (to South Kensington) throughout the day.
1s. 6d. cab from West Central District.
ADMISSION—ONE SHILLING (no extras), from 1 p.m. to 11 p.m.
On Wednesdays (Fellow's Day) by Ticket only.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
EPSOM RACES.—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and
FRIDAY, June 2, 3, 4, and 5.
THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Racecourse) is from London
Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction.
NOTE.—Tickets taken by South-Western Railway to Epsom Town are not available to return
by the Brighton Company's direct route from the Epsom Downs Station on the Course.
EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient Station,
within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom
Race Traffic, and additional First-Class Ladies' Waiting-Rooms will be provided.
FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP
TRAINS between the above Stations on all four days of the Races, also Extra First-Class
Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.
EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom
Town Station (L. B. and S. C. Ry.) will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to
Epsom Town will be available for return from the Epsom Town Station.
THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the
London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways to
issue Through Tickets from all their principal Stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the
Racecourse.
The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington
(Addison Road) Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.
FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS see small Bills, to be had at
London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations, and at the Brighton
Company's West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; also at their City
Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and at Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus;
and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand, where Tickets may also be obtained.
The West-End Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and
Thursday, June 1 to 4. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
EPSOM RACES.—THE SHORTEST ROUTE—CHEAP TRAINS from WATERLOO,
Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon
Stations to EPSOM, on Tuesday and Thursday, up to 1.20 a.m., and SPECIAL FAST TRAINS
from 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. CHEAP TRAINS on Wednesday (the Derby) and Friday (the Oaks)
up to 9.20 a.m., and SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from 9.30 a.m. till 1.30 p.m.
A SPECIAL DIRECT TRAIN will leave Waterloo Station, stopping at Vauxhall only, at
1.30 p.m. on each of the Race Days, arriving at Epsom 2 p.m.
KENSINGTON LINE.—Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at West
Brompton two and Chelsea five minutes later) at 7, 7.20, 8.29, 8.42, 9.12, 9.33, 10.13, 10.40, 11.10,
11.40 a.m., 12.9, 12.49, and 1.20 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday only.
ON WEDNESDAY (Derby), SPECIAL DIRECT TRAINS will leave Kensington for Epsom,
without change of carriage, at 8.50 (Cheap), 9.35 (Cheap), 9.50, and 10.45 a.m.
On and after Monday, June 1, tickets may be obtained beforehand, and general information, at
the West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel
Buildings, Charing Cross; the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West; Dun Horse
Yard, 186, High Street, Borough; Swan with Two Necks, Gresham Street, City; Lavington's,
69, Old Bailey; Limehouse Office, 799, Commercial Road; and at Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham
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THE BUSIEST STREET IN MANCHESTER.

Photographs by F. Frith, Reigate.

"I detest your Market Street, with its dust and din," said a London friend of mine recently, as we walked along the chief business thoroughfare in Manchester. It is a busy street; it is an uncomfortable, disturbing kind of street, for it is the main artery, south, north, and west, for thousands of people, and the pedestrian has occasionally to "perform an acrobatic feat to cross it" with safety. On a hot day there are more heads mopped and more adjectives used in Market Street than in any other trade-way in the kingdom.

A century ago the street was quieter. At that time it was bordered by old timbered houses, with curious high-peaked gables, and its pavements were so narrow that the young bucks of the day had almost to balance themselves on the causeways, lest they should cannon against the bulging shop-windows or slip into the gutter. There was a literary flavour about the historic highway. It was a provincial combination of Paternoster Row and Fleet Street; it was a book-mart, and the cradle of many newspapers. Life sauntered leisurely through it then; business was transacted, but it was done with dignified method and without excitement. There was no crowding, no hurrying, no flurry, with the exception, perhaps, of that caused by the arrival or departure of the noted coach, "The Peveril of the Peak," that conveyed Manchester merchants and other daring travellers to and from town.

Now the street, which is about as long as Chancery Lane and nearly as wide as Charing Cross, is, for eight hours a-day, congested with human life. There are many before-breakfast signs of the coming movement. The night-policemen yawn around the Duke of Wellington's monument; the saffron light of dawn creeps through the fog and tints the dingy dome of the Infirmary. A ray of sunlight focuses on the gold letters "Use Time Wisely" that gleam from the lofty tower of the

big shop yonder. Noses are flattened against fifth-storey attic-windows. Doors are opened, and there are gruff morning greetings. There is the first rumble of traffic. Heavy carts with broad wheels roll past. All through the quiet hours of the night they have been swaying onward, with loads of farm and garden produce, and sleepy drivers, from Cheshire or Derbyshire villages, their goal the wholesale market.

By-and-by the pavements echo with footsteps, light or heavy, quick or dogged. The ready-made clothes' hands, mostly speaking a foreign tongue, turn out from Alsatian quarters, and glide or limp to their toil. There goes the worker in iron, with his broad chest open to the breeze, that has a touch of frost in it. Artisans of every trade stride by. The cotton operative hastens to the mill; and, later, the alert, polite warehouseman, with his mind intent on certain or possible customers, walks briskly to his department in the great storehouse of merchandise (be it Rylands's, Phillips's, or Waits's) where you can buy everything, not only for use in the home, but in the way of apparel, cheap or costly, as suits your purse or your whim.

At noon Market Street has got up and is wide awake upon the main chance. The men and women behind the shop-counters are busy. The pavements are thronged with people, the roadway is crowded, and now and

then blocked, with tramcars, hansom, drays, vans, carriages, vehicles of every sort, in charge of stolid, contemptuous, or choleric whips; every lamp-post has been converted into a newspaper-stall, nearly every kerbstone is used by some hawker as a business-place, and along each gutter the sandwich-men, English, Irish, French, and Kaffir, march, in grotesque garb, but with dejected mien, though on their backs, in large type, they boldly declare the virtues of marvellous elixirs. The street seethes with effort, whose chief motive is gain. Not only in the thoroughfare itself, but in the many buildings surrounding it, brains and hands are at work. The manufacturer is in his industrial hive; the merchant has reached his office. Portland Street and Mosley Street and a score of narrow warehouse ways off Market Street are in the throes of



ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.



MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

cotton and commerce. Here inventive genius and science are striving; there art is giving her aid to manufacture. In nearly every alley there is the white, grey, or vivid colouring of loads of calico or calico prints; and muscular men, "with an accuracy of aim" not surpassed even by Briggs, the Lancashire cricketer, toss bales or bundles of goods from upper storey or into deep cellar. While these men are toiling grandly, the Cotton Lord or the Warehouse King who creates and controls their operations is hobnobbing at the bank counter, sending a telegram to the East, or receiving a code message from New York.

On 'Change, meantime, there is the mysterious converse that means money. When the Queen visited Manchester in 1851, she was welcomed in the Royal Exchange, and remarked to the Prince Consort, "What a magnificent room!" Both inside and outside, this building, which shoulders the lower end of Market Street, is one of the most notable in the city. Its façade, in the Italian style, with fine portico and graceful columns, is impressive in its beauty. Its hall—or rather, nave and double side aisles—is remarkable for the richness of its decoration, and has the distinction of being one of the largest Exchanges in Europe. But perhaps the fabric is better known in town and abroad because of the daily throb of business life within it, because of its transactions in cotton and in myriads of Manchester goods. The talk is of the price of silver, of bales, cotton yarns, tariffs, and the prospects in home and distant markets, and it all goes to falsify George Eliot's theory. The men on 'Change do not "let the golden moments in the stream of life rush past" without profitable deeds.

In the afternoon the characteristics of Market Street alter. There is still the buzz of voices on 'Change, and the warehouses are crowded with wholesale buyers; but in the street, business activity, though



PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

greater than ever in volume, becomes less intense. The waifs and the unemployed of the City, weary of the noise of traffic that yields them no benefit, are lying on the benches in Piccadilly in attitudes of careless or hopeless repose. The throng in Oldham Street, Market Street, and St. Ann's Square is in bright contrast to this singular exhibition of sprawling humanity. The moving crowd in these streets is leavened by those who delight in shopping. There are many happy family-groups, rich and poor, bent on bargains. The cotton operatives, out for a half-holiday, from Blackburn, Bury, Bolton, Burnley, Rochdale, and Oldham, chiefly make their purchases at the emporiums in Market Street and Oldham Street. The carriage-folk patronise the shops in St. Ann's Square and in King Street. Here saunter many well-dressed people. There is the rustle of rich attire in the shops, in the arcades, and in the quaint old passage near the ancient church; there is, too, the pleasant murmur of gossip about garden parties, the last new book, and the most modern freak of fashion.

In the warehouse quarter of the city at this hour there is the rattle of cranes, and the varied noises that heavily laden lorries make in their progress to the depôts. Men and horses have to quicken their pace, for the forwarding of purchases is imperative, and one Manchester goods-station alone handles two thousand tons of merchandise nightly for transit by rail. But as evening draws nigh there is a lull in buying and selling. The warehouses close. The shops soon follow their example. The cars hang out their signals of crimson and green. The hansom swing by with will-o'-the-wisp-like lights. There is a great rush homeward. As you are carried along in the stream, or jostled roughly by it, you wonder why the Manchester Corporation did not spend five millions in widening Market Street instead of flinging the money into the Ship Canal.

JOHN PENDLETON.

ROYAL OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

It was announced that on Friday week M. Jean de Reszke would sing the part of Faust, and a crowded audience assembled to hear what could not have been otherwise than a charming interpretation. But, alas! the gods have these fates in their keeping; and as the tenor was stepping out of his bath, his foot alighted on a piece of treacherous soap, he slipped, and a strained tendon speedily asserted its nasty little rights. The crowd assembled only to find a general notice scattered through the theatre to the effect that, owing to an accident, M. Bonnard would sing the part of Faust in the room of M. Jean de Reszke. And

very creditably did M. Bonnard (whom the house speedily forgave in view of all lack of evidence to show his complicity in M. de Reszke's accident) acquit himself. The applause was quite enthusiastic, more enthusiastic, probably, than on that breathless occasion, thirty years ago, when the opera was first heard at Her Majesty's Theatre. Then, it may be interesting to recall, Titien was Marguerite, Trebelli was Siebel, Giuglini was Faust, Santley was Valentine, and Gassier Mephistopheles. On this Friday, at Covent Garden, Madame Eames was the Marguerite, and, with the sole exception of a somewhat matronly manner, fulfilled her part charmingly, and with singular sweetness. Her perfect sense of tune makes all her performances, for this quality, as for many others, extremely satisfactory. M. Plançon's Mephistopheles was above all cavil, and orchestra and chorus were excellent under Signor Mancinelli's able direction.

On the following evening "Lohengrin" filled the bill, and once more Mancinelli proved his skill and musical appreciation. Signor Cremonini took the title-part. His performance was not exciting, for the young man, to begin with, was suffering from an overwhelming attack of nervousness, which, from time to time, planted him in situations that bordered on the ludicrous. Madame Albani, familiar as she is with every change and requirement of the part of Elsa, simply carried away her trembling swain in a whirlwind. She seemed to fill him with nameless apprehensions, and it really appeared as though it was leap-year for Elsa, of which she was resolved to take the utmost advantage. Signor Ancona took the part of Telramund, and sang with his customary distinction; M. Plançon's King was a excellent performance; and Madame Mantelli was a passable Ortrud. The orchestra throughout was admirable.

On Monday week Sir Augustus, true to the "legitimate Italian Opera," treated us to a performance of "Rigoletto," which compels one sorrowfully to conclude that the tradition of the "legitimate" is fast hastening from the hearts of men. You cannot Wagnerise "Rigoletto," and this is what Albani, Ancona, and De Lucia resolutely set themselves to do on this occasion. They attempted to turn the work into a music-drama, and it promptly crumbled away in their hands. It may be said, by the way, in connection with this point and apropos of Mozart's anticipatory genius, that whereas such treatment of Verdi's opera is its ruin, the same treatment of "Le Nozze di Figaro," written three-quarters of a century before, is the only method of proving its true completeness. As "legitimate" Italian opera, it loses its coherence, but carries all away by its mere supremacy of musical genius. The orchestra on this occasion played very well under Signor Bevignani's direction.

For the first time during the rule of Sir Augustus Harris at Covent Garden, the Princess of Wales has subscribed for a box during the opera season. It is situated next to the royal box, and now that her Royal Highness is back in town she will doubtless make much use of it. As usual, the Prince of Wales retains his seat in the omnibus box, which he seems to prefer to the royal box. Formerly these omnibus boxes were much more popular than at present, and the fashionable novelist of thirty or forty years ago used to delight in placing his hero in one whenever he went to the opera. This season there are but two, White's Club having ceased to subscribe for one of these comfortable loges—the Lord Chamberlain's, in which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are usually to be found, and that subscribed for by the Earl of Chesterfield, the ex-Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and his friends. As a rule, all subscribe alike for these boxes, which are for "men only," and, as they cost nearly a hundred pounds a-week, they are expensive as well as exclusive little clubs.

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

IX.—IN AN ATTIC.

The stars are the eyes of the angels, dear,
Who watch us out from the sky,
And every night
They lend us light—
Each star is an angel's eye.

But never ask what your father did,
Or why he has gone away;
God grant his name and shame may be hid
From you, to your dying day.

Sleep is the gift of the angels, dear;
Whenever you go to bed
An angel brings
His soft white wings
And folds them around your head.

Dreams are the thoughts of the angels, dear,
The dreams that your white soul knows
Come from above:
So sleep, my love,
It's time for tired eyes to close.

But never ask what your father did,
Or why he has gone away;
God grant his name and shame may be hid
From you, to your dying day.

GILBERT BURGESS.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen's Birthday was celebrated in the usual way on Wednesday. The weather was almost wintry, though it ought, of course, to have been Queen's weather.

The Prince of Wales and his family and Prince Carl of Denmark spent Whit-Monday at Sandringham.

The late Archduke Charles Louis and his lovely wife Maria Theresa of Braganza spent some weeks in England last summer, and made themselves very popular with all those with whom they were brought in contact. Till the Crown Prince of Austria's tragic death the royal couple were not considered of great importance; but during the last few years the Viennese had quite adopted the Archduchess as their future Empress, and it is said that but for her influence the Archduke would long ago have waived his rights to the succession in favour of his eldest son. Princess Maria Theresa was only eighteen when she became the late Archduke's third wife. The couple were nicknamed "Spring and Autumn," but she did her duty by her four step-children, and soon became a powerful rival to the Empress. She is an admirable horsewoman, and once rode two hundred miles with only three changes of horses. Her salon has been a brilliant social and literary centre, and she takes an

impossible Hebrew, the snub-nosed Irishman, the ghastly nigger, and the old-fashioned Yank have been repeated *ad nauseam*. *Puck* is essentially American. He is vigorous in a rough-and-ready way. I hope that the thousand numbers which *Puck* has behind him will be an incentive to him to wax strong and cultivate his mind and muscle, for, to quote himself—

These nineteen years have seen him stand
'Gainst sham and cant and fraud.
Rememb'ring this, throughout the land
His friends his *fête* applaud.

And as he hears and heeds with joy
His praises said and sung,
He blushes as a modest boy—
For *Puck* is ever young.

The two organisations which are still engaged in attempting to perpetuate the dull and dreary Sunday of our forefathers are really becoming too ridiculous. It is almost a pity that the *Times* and other journals should give them so much advertisement. These people do not see that the game is up and that they might as well shut up shop. Now that the London museums and picture galleries are open on Sunday, we may be perfectly certain that they will never again be closed. Such things may have happened in the provinces, but London, fortunately, is not



THE APOTHEOSIS OF "PUCK."
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active interest in a number of Vienna charities. There is little doubt that, had the late Archduke survived his brother, this second Empress Maria Theresa would have played a leading part in the government of the dual Monarchy.

Mr. David Stewart, who is one of the Birthday knights, is the subject of the portrait by Mr. Orchardson which is one of the features of the Academy. He is an ex-Lord Provost of Aberdeen, where everybody wondered that the honour did not come to him before. Better late than never. He stays at Banchory House, on the Dee, near the Granite City. It was there that the Prince Consort was once entertained by a former proprietor. Sir David is married to a daughter of a veteran Divine, Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, who was once assistant to Edward Irving; and his eldest daughter is the wife of Professor Niven, of Aberdeen, who was Senior Wrangler in his day. Sir David has one of the largest comb-making works in the world.

It is a pathetic fact that Mr. H. C. Bunner, the literary editor of *Puck*, should have died within so short a time of the publication of the one-thousandth number of that lively publication. *Puck* was born in March 1887; he has seen *Judge* come to battle with him, and *Life* has dawned upon his view with a new style of art and humour. The coloured lithography, from the brush of Mr. Keppler, that has long distinguished *Puck*, is quite unique, and it is very questionable whether a comic journal on a similar scale could be produced in London. The humour of *Puck* is not peculiarly delicate, subtle, or varied; that

ruled by a handful of chapel deacons. It is not a matter of the least importance to anyone whether a large or small number of people go to the British Museum on Sunday. Nor is it against the museum that foreigners are the most frequent Sunday visitors. Why should London be alone in inhospitality to visitors?

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, the editor of the new series "As Others See Us," writes me in reference to some remarks made by one of my contributors on Mr. Oliveira Martins' "England of To-Day"—

Your contributor takes my drum-taps in front of Mr. Allen's series, "As Others See Us," rather too seriously. The fat lady of the show is not expected to measure quite so many inches as those depicted on the outside canvas. I should have hoped that a sympathetic quiver of the left eyelid would have greeted those remarks of a brother-augur. However, as he has taken me so seriously, will you permit me to point out that he has seriously misunderstood me? He seems to be under the impression that I recommend a course of study of foreign observers on English life in order to obtain some correct views of that life. Not at all. My point is that we should thereby obtain more correct views of the foreign observers and their attitude towards England. The use of this? Well, I am aware that to the eyes of the jaded journalist nothing is of any use, but I should have thought that the experiences of last January would have shown that it was of some use to know what foreigners think of us. I do not think I was quite alone in being startled at the revelation of universal mistrust which that month brought. He points to two or three superficial blunders which have already attracted attention elsewhere. I only wish there had been more of them, as it would have made the book more amusing and not less instructive from the standpoint indicated in my introductory pages. It is worth while, I repeat, to see ourselves as others see us, because almost all national quarrels arise from national misunderstandings.

Why does not somebody start a hairdressing establishment on new lines? I have already in these columns advocated the disinfecting of brushes by carbolic acid, a practice, I have since been told, that obtains in Germany, and now I want to find an establishment where the unhappy customer is not badgered into buying every sort of article for the hair—for making it grow or making it come out; for drying it or damping it; shaving-soaps, hair-dyes, hair-cleaners, razors, and the rest of it. The gentleman in the Strand who usurped the place of the dentist carried that little game just too far, but it was the very same sort of thing. It is most disagreeable to go into a shop where you have paid to have one thing done—say, your hair cut, or your chin scraped—and to be annoyed into extending your purchase-price for something that you really do not wish at all, but which you don't like to refuse. I never sit down in some hairdressing establishments without wondering what extraordinary panacea the operator is going to propose that I should purchase. I, for one, will be the very first to patronise the place where there is no temptation for operators to plant upon me any of that sort of paraphernalia, and I shall gladly desert every hairdresser who insists upon extending his custom beyond due limits.

The French wit who declared that the British nation boasted of a hundred religions and of only one sauce would now find his humour fall somewhat flat. Even a Parisian gourmet would have found much to make his mouth water at the excellent Cookery and Food Exhibition recently held at the Imperial Institute; and, further, he might well have been tempted to take back with him to Paris one of the modern lady-cooks who have assisted to transform latter-day English cookery from a dull craft to an exquisite art. It would be, however, a great mistake to suppose that our ancestors were entirely impervious to the value of *la haute cuisine*. Even Shakspere mentions the delights of calf's-head, barley broth, salmon-tail, soused gurnet, venison, and hodge-pudding; and, through the royal Stuart marriages, many French dishes found their way to the Courts of Charles the Martyr and that of the Merry Monarch. Monsieur, the sinister husband of Henrietta of England, was an admirable cook, and invented a number of quaint dainties. Madame de Pompadour also originated several culinary marvels, including two new fashions of preparing chicken for the table. But an Englishman reigned supreme over the kitchens of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne. His



MRS. BERNASCONI.

Photo by Bernasconi, Rednal.

name was Patrick Lamb, and he bore the honourable title of Master-Cook. We owe our present bill of fare, or menu, to the House of Hanover. Until comparatively lately it was always the custom in great houses to allow the name of the cook by which each dish had been prepared to figure on the list, and this gives an old-world menu somewhat the appearance of a concert programme. Of late years much

of the foremost culinary talent of the world has been transferred from Paris to London, where a really first-class *chef* easily finds employment, and is, moreover, better remunerated than he would be on the Continent, where that essentially British product, the untiring scullery-maid, is also an unknown quantity. As a specimen of a cook's costume I give a portrait of Mrs. George Bernasconi.

When one thinks of the strange and inadequate reasons which often lead to the award of honorary distinctions, it seems a pity that the Home Secretary found himself unable to recommend her Majesty to bestow the Albert Medal on Miss Alford, the heroic young nurse who, sent from St. Michael's Home, Kimberley, to attend a case of pneumonia in British Bechuanaland, found herself in the midst of a small-pox epidemic. Starting a lazaretto, she nursed, quite unaided, two hundred natives and twenty white patients, only losing one woman and two children. This brave woman, who is a member of the Royal British Nurses' Association, proves, if proof were needed, the value of training and of the admirable work being done by the Association, which owes in great measure its being to the untiring efforts of Princess Christian. It was by the personal desire of her Royal Highness that the application was made to the Home Secretary.

The Maharajah of Patiala has a band of his own. The men are all picked musicians, whose performance elicited a very warm compliment from the Duke of Clarence during his visit to Patiala. Their Director, Herr Robert Hilf, is a native of Saxony, and first went to India about twenty years ago, as first violin in Earl Lytton's quartette. Everyone who has heard his band is loud in praising the efficiency to which Herr Hilf has brought it.

If first-personal journalism has not overrun the English newspaper, yet it is certain that the double-barrelled editorial "we" is going out of fashion. True, the *Little Pedlington Trumpeter* or the *Bogus-cum-Slocum Intelligencer*, the editor of which is at once his own reporter and compositor, revels in that "we." But influential journals are getting more and more chary of this pronominal absurdity. I take the trouble to count up the editorial "we's" that occurred in one day's issues of the following London papers, not including the "we" which stands for the English people:—*Times*, 1; *Daily News*, 3; *Chronicle*, 5; *Standard*, 3; *Telegraph*, 3; *Daily Mail*, none; *Globe*, none; *Star*, none; *Pall Mall Gazette*, 6. One morning the *Daily Chronicle* eclipsed itself with four "we's," three "our's," three "us's," and an "ourselves," in the short space of thirty-three lines. The "WE" has affected "ME" thus—

When her Majesty voices her views
She calmly abandons the "I"
That one of her subjects would use
In speech to affirm or deny.
But the Queen meets her match in the Muse
Discovered of late by Sir E. ;
I mean the sensorial,
Monster-memorial,
Grand, editorial
WE.

Ephemera—such is the name
Of the lady Sir Edwin has sung,
And none, I opine, but a dame
Could wag such a garrulous tongue.
But more; for she's eager to claim
A hearing (so cunning is she)
With the pompous, vain-glorial,
Phantasmagorial,
Great, editorial
WE.

And yet the deception is plain:
The WE is a poor little man,
Who cudgels his overtaxed brain
To temporise, praise, or to ban.
He uses the plural in vain
To urge his majestic decree
Behind that seignorial,
Vague, incorporeal,
Sham, editorial
WE.

My excellent newspaper scribes,
Who daily admonish, advise,
And issue the law to the tribes,
Just cease, for one day, to be wise;
You always will merit my gibes
Unless you can drown in the sea
That pronoun plentorial,
Chill, hyperboreal,
Dull, editorial
WE.



MISS ALFORD.

Photo by Ford, Queenstown, South Africa.

Surprises have nowadays usually a subacid flavour, but I came last week on one of the old-fashioned, sweet variety, and, of all places in the world, in Bond Street. Carriage after carriage was setting down its occupants next to Dowdeswell's, and these disappeared down a little passage. I followed. Judge of my surprise on finding myself in a small piazzetta bordered with flowers, with an out-of-the-world air about the place reminding one of a Deanery Close. It lay in front of the residence of General David Robertson, whose wife and daughter have opened, on the ground- and first-floor of their private residence, luncheon- and tea-rooms, decorated and furnished in the aesthetic style, as a commercial enterprise. One room is panelled and painted in eau-de-Nil, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs and plain white curtains, giving a delightful air of coolness. Upstairs are other tea-rooms, where music is given every afternoon, and here the colour-scheme is pink and primrose, with deep-violet upholstery. Then there is the reading-room, and, beyond, the *al fresco* retreat where cigarettes may be smoked. The Misses Robertson wait upon you, but you feel a little delicacy in accepting their ministrations, and would willingly reverse the position.

Two Alexanders, sighing for yet another world to conquer, gave a charming recital in Queen's Hall on Monday week. Mr. Alexander Watson is known as one of our leading elocutionists, and his rare gifts were on this occasion associated with those of Mr. Alexander Tucker, the possessor of perhaps the finest basso-profundus voice among English vocalists. As a result of this delightful combination, and with the aid of Miss Mary Chatterton, the charming harpist, and Signor Bisaccia, the pianist, a very enjoyable programme was performed. Mr. Watson

displayed his talents to great advantage in selections by Procter, Barrie, Theodore Hook, &c., winning deserved and enthusiastic applause. Mr. Tucker was in excellent voice, singing "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep" with remarkable power. Miss Chatterton was encored, as was also Signor Bisaccia, for brilliant playing. Every item was pleasing, which is an unusual compliment.

According to an Indian correspondent, Mr. George Edwards must look to his laurels. At any rate, he has an ardent disciple in Mr. H. T. Wynter, R.A., of Secunderabad, Deccan, for, with a group of

CONSTANCE AND THE NOTARY IN "THE SORCERER."

other energetic amateurs, he has produced during the last year "A Gaiety Girl," "Charley's Aunt," "A Pantomime Rehearsal," "In Town," and several other London successes. Mr. Wynter possesses a rare gift in an amateur, that of knowing how to stage a piece, and he takes endless trouble over the scenery, costumes, and other accessories. Till lately Simla was the leading Indian amateur centre; but, although Secunderabad cannot yet boast of a regular A.D.C., Mr. H. T. Wynter and his colleagues, Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Stokes and her husband, Miss Incledon-Webber, Miss Dickinson, Mrs. Partlett, Mr. Morris, Mr. Fellowes, and Mr. Williams, several of whom are the fortunate possessors of excellent and well-trained voices, are acquiring a considerable name for themselves all over Southern India, the more so that they are fortunate in the possession of a fine theatre where their work is seen to the best advantage. I reproduce a photograph of "The Sorcerer," produced in April, with Mrs. Dickinson as Constance and Mr. Williams as the notary.

I have often wondered why the maiden who milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that swallowed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, has been described by the poet as "all forlorn." My private conviction has been that she was forlorn because that condition rhymed with horn. I am wiser now. A friend of mine was recently discussing agriculture with a North of England landowner, and told of a curious condition of things. In consequence of the prevalent agricultural depression, the landowner decided to start dairy-farming, and invested in a number of cows. He offered the women tenants good wages just for milking the animals twice a-day, but these people refused, saying that it was not a woman's work to milk a cow. Ultimately the unfortunate proprietor had to send to Scotland for people to come on his estate and milk his purchases. If John Milton were alive to-day, he would have to alter the passage in his "L'Allegro"—

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe.

Mr. Kenneth Douglas, the young actor who has just received so much praise for his rendering of the boy-lover in "Rosemary," at the Criterion, made his first appearance on the production of "The New Boy," when he immortalised the rôle of Bullock Major. He was "discovered" by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and at once persuaded to accept the part, playing it for the fortnight on tour as a sort of trial trip, for his only previous theatrical experiences had been in a little village where he had settled to study farming. There he joined in the festivities given from time to time in the parish school-room, eventually discovering that he preferred acting to farming, and, after his fortnight's probation, he migrated, with Mr. Grossmith's company, to the Vaudeville, and has never since been "out," for, on the close of "The New Boy," he played Mr. Beamish in "The Ladies' Idol," and then joined Mr. Edouin's company for a short time, after which he was secured by Mr. Wyndham for his present part. Mr. Douglas was educated partly at Bexley and partly at St. Peter's College, Radley.

At the present time probably no regiment in the British Army can boast of having two such fine football teams as the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Royal Scots. The 1st Battalion have won the Army Cup. The 2nd Battalion, now stationed at Mandalay, Burma, are also capital players. In February 1892 they won the Malta Cup. Proceeding to India, they won the Secunderabad Cup three years in succession—namely, 1892, 1893, and 1894, thus winning the Cup outright. In September 1894 they won the Harris Cup at Poona, also the Bombay Rovers' Cup both in 1894 and 1895, and the Madras Presidency Cup in 1895 and 1896. But their crowning success came in March 1895, when they defeated the Highland Light Infantry at Bombay, by three goals to one, for the Championship of India. It is doubtful if this much-coveted title will ever be won again, for, to do so, one regiment in the South must win everything, and also one regiment in the North; the final between these teams is the Championship of India.

When the regiment left Belgaum last September for Burma, everyone thought that their football would cease for a time, at least, as Calcutta and Madras, the two nearest places boasting of football cups, were too far away. But such proved not to be the case, for, in January last, they proceeded from Mandalay to Madras—rather a long journey—and again won, as stated above, the Madras Cup. Only once during the last five years has this team been beaten, and that was in September 1895, at Poona, by the Durham Light Infantry, when playing for the Harris Cup. It is only, however, fair to state that they were without the services of Lieutenant Duncan and Privates Ainslie and McEwan, but, in the following week, they wiped out this defeat at Bombay, beating, with their full team, the above-named regiment in the Bombay Rovers' Cup.



MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

Photo by Fry, South Kensington, S.W.



2ND BATTALION ROYAL SCOTS FOOTBALL TEAM.

Here is a picture of Miss Nellie Murray, who originally created the part of Julie Bon-Bon in "The Gay Parisienne," when the piece was first produced at Northampton in October 1894. She comes of a stage family, and began life with the Vokes' as a child-actress, and has been "principal girl" in pantomimes at Manchester, Dublin, Bristol, and



MISS NELLIE MURRAY.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Nottingham. It was at the last-named that Mr. George Edwardes saw and was struck by her. He engaged her for the part of Lady Virginia in "A Gaiety Girl," and she would have toured America in the rôle but that "A Gay Parisienne" intervened.

Mr. Ernest Hendrie, who has been playing Colonel Wilberforce Walker in "The New Baby," is a very excellent character-comedian. He took to the stage some twenty years ago, his first professional engagement being with Mrs. Chippendale's répertoire company, when he played a round of old English comedy parts, such as Tony Lumpkin, &c. About twelve years ago he came to London, starting at the Olympic, and has played in nearly every West-End theatre. During his engagement at the St. James's, with Messrs. Hare and Kendal, there was one performance, among many admirable ones, that will live for ever in the memory of those who saw it—Clink, the jailer, in "Lady Clancarty," for which he had a wonderful Hogarthian make-up. When at the Opéra Comique, for several Saturdays he used to appear, first, in "A Regular Fix," then in the first act of "Tares," after which he drove to the Crystal Palace, dressing as he went, and played Wilkins in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This plan worked exceedingly well until, one Saturday, his cabby, having regaled himself too freely, landed him, not at the Crystal Palace, but in the middle of Brockley Cemetery! So he had to return home, leading the horse with the driver inside the cab. Among his later successes may be mentioned Dethic in the revival of "Judah," Stephen Spettigue in "Charley's Aunt," Bill Bouncer in "Innocent Abroad," and O'Dwyer in "The Chili Widow." He is the author of several plays which have been successfully toured through the provinces, and has just completed a farcical comedy in collaboration with Mr. Metcalfe Wood, which, according to present arrangements, will be produced in London this autumn. Mr. Hendrie has a very pretty little house at Surbiton. He is exceedingly fond of his garden, and finds potato-growing nearly as profitable as acting.

There is one, and only one, company in Australia at whose hands the plays of Mr. Pinero and other contemporary dramatists receive adequate, and, in most cases, almost perfect treatment. This is the Brough-Boucicault Company, now recognised as one of the finest stock companies in the world. And there is one actress in that company at whose hands the leading female characters may always be sure of the most careful and painstaking treatment. This actress is Mrs. Robert Brough. She had come to be regarded as essentially a comedy actress until she startled the Australian critics into peans of admiration over her wonderfully clever

presentation of Paula Tanqueray. She seems also to have surprised herself into a belief that serious drama is the domain in which she must look for most success in the future. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is her lode-star, and the English actress now finds a persistent Australian emulator in Mrs. Brough. With an extraordinary facility for precipitating herself from the frivolities of farce into the trying vortex of tragedy, the Australian actress recently passed from a delightful study of the wayward Mrs. Darcy, in "The Passport," to the exacting presentation of the dowdy demagogue Agnes Ebbesmith, one week, and the still more arduous task of portraying the many-sided Fedora the next. Fancy Mrs. Patrick Campbell fooling in farce one week, and playing either of the parts named the next! Yet Mrs. Brough did it, and did it successfully. She has been schooled so thoroughly in a company which sticks at no kind of play, excepting lurid melodrama, that she was able to give not merely a creditable but even a brilliant performance of each of these diverse characters.

In recent biographical notes concerning Miss Le Thière mention should have been made of that lady's connection with the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Le Thière made a very excellent Marion de Lorme in the revival of "Richelieu," with Henry Irving as the great Cardinal, in September 1873; and, many years later, she reappeared at the Wellington Street house as Lady Ashton in Herman Merivale's "Ravenswood," and as that wicked Old Lady to the Annie Boleyn of Miss Violet Vanbrugh in the grand reproduction of "Henry VIII."

Mr. Frank Harvey, who has for many years past been manager, leading actor, and playwright of the celebrated Mdlle. Beatrice Company, has just become lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Oldham, at which town he first appeared twenty-five years ago, early in his stage career. Mr. Harvey, his wife, Miss Baldwin, Mr. J. Carter-Edwards, and the other members of his company have long been favourites throughout the provinces and at the outlying Metropolitan theatres. I won't attempt to make a complete list of the many popularly effective plays, generally with homely titles, that have proceeded from Mr. Frank Harvey's pen, but here are the names of a few of them: "Fallen Among Thieves," "A Ring of Iron," "The Wages of Sin," "The World



A YOUNG PIPER.
Photo by Gregory, Strand.

Against Her," "Married, not Mated," "Shall We Forgive Her?"—played at both Adelphi and Olympic,—"Sins of the Night," and the latest and almost the best, "Brother Against Brother."

This boy is a child of the regiment, the son of a soldier of the 93rd Highlanders. He is being educated in the regimental school and trained for a piper, and will shortly join the regiment in that capacity.

What, indeed, are children not trained to do nowadays? Here are two dainty little dancers from H.M.S. Nursery, who can trip a hornpipe as merrily as if they had been born on board a man-o'-war.

Listening to some old-stagers the other night, I was interested to hear them chat about the effusively loyal custom, once thought *de rigueur*, in accordance with which not only did theatre-bands invariably play the National Anthem on the entrance of any royal personage into the royal box, but also every performer, on coming on to the stage, made a profound obeisance to any such distinguished patron of the drama. A murder might be in process of accomplishment on the boards, but yet the orchestra struck up "God Save the Queen," and the leading actor would bow with his best grace up to the box, even though he had immediately to say, sternly, "Leave my house at once, ungrateful child!"

"Happy Hell" is the most audacious name bestowed upon a new American farcical comedy just ready for production.

I referred the other week to the habit novelists have of naming fictitious characters after real persons. Another instance is afforded by Mr. F. C. Phillips, who, in his clever volume of stories, "An Undeserving Woman," just published by Downey and Co., creates a Lady Winchelsea. True, she was the wife of a baronet, but how will the countess of the Earl of Winchelsea like it?

Mr. Hermann Vezin has recently been taking part, with gratifying success, in the Shakspere Reading Society's performances of "Julius Cæsar." Mr. Vezin was cast as Mark Antony, and another professional actor, Mr. F. Rawson Buckley, was exceedingly good as Brutus. Mr. Buckley was unfortunately invalidated home while he was in America with the Irving Company. He was engaged in the excellent Shakspere Festival which Mr. Mulholland and Mr. Ben Greet lately provided for Camberwell people in particular and other Shakspere-lovers in general.

Not for a very long time have so many fine "combination casts" and "star bills" been seen at West-End theatres as during the last few weeks. Following close upon the truly "unique" performances of the Wyndham Celebration came that brilliant charity matinée at the Haymarket. To see appear in the second act of "Ours" (with that ever-touching departure for the Crimea) such famous artists as the Bancrofts, the Trees, Mr. Willard, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson was in itself a rare treat even for the *blasé* playgoer.

Then there was the Criterion matinée for poor Miss Fanny Enson, with the Trees and Miss Frances Ivor in the third act of "Captain Swift," and numerous other items performed by the Bourchiers, Mr. Wyndham, and Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Lewis Waller, Misses Kate Rorke, Winifred Emery, Louie Freear, Florence St. John, Lottie Venne, Alma Stanley, Mrs. Langtry, and many more; while, in the near future, there is the Kate Vaughan benefit at her old professional home, the Gaiety, in which her whilom colleague, Mr. Edward Terry, will give a reminiscence of "Robbing Roy," and the programme will be made up of a "Henry IV." excerpt, "More Than Ever," "Trial by Jury," and lots of attractive incidentals, given by "star" artists. The performances of "Moths," for the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and of "Romeo and Juliet," on behalf of the Actors' Orphanage scheme, should further be noted; and there is also the huge Queen's Hall Bazaar, in aid of the last-mentioned admirable undertaking, looming large before people.

I regret to hear of the death of Mr. Edgar Smart, an actor who had recently been playing Svengali on tour with one of Mr. Abud's "Trilby" companies. Mr. Smart was a son of the late Henry Smart, the distinguished organist and composer.

A first-class (and a very deserving) matinée will be given on Tuesday at St. James's Hall by Miss Susie Leggatt, and a number of big theatrical "stars" have most generously offered their services.



THE HORNPIPE.

One can never be too careful. I was one night at a theatre in Lisbon, sitting in the stage-box with some friends, and listening to a comic opera performed by a Spanish travelling company. A young soprano came on, and sang very prettily; at the conclusion of her song I hammered vigorously on the floor of the box with my stick, in token of sincere approval. The actress looked at me reproachfully, and hurried from the stage without even bowing. "You are very severe," said a friend; "she sang fairly well." "I liked her singing," I replied, rather startled by his remark; "that is why I applauded." Then they began to laugh, and I asked to have the joke explained. "In this country," said my friend, "when a person sings or acts remarkably badly and absolutely exhausts our patience, we hammer on the floor with sticks to make management and artist understand our displeasure." At this remark I felt far more foolish than I usually do. I could not applaud when the lady returned, because then the audience would take me for a fool, while now they might mistake me for a severe critic; I could not go round and explain to the pretty soprano, because of deficiency in Spanish vocabulary. I was forced to let the matter remain *in statu quo*. The traveller in a strange land, whether he be one who performs or one who attends the performance, should endeavour to understand the habits of the people of the country.

The recent crimes which have stirred our horror and filled the halfpenny papers with copy dear to the lower classes call serious attention to the failure of England's prison system. Once a criminal always a criminal, would seem the only possible conclusion to be drawn from the fact that all the suspects in recent cases are convicts out on ticket-of-leave. Apparently, prison life has made them utterly callous and indifferent to the result of detection. Does this state result from discipline, surroundings, the ignominy of the useless treadmill, or what? Very little is known about life in prison, the authorities are chary of admitting

even the Press into their confidence, and the present condition of things reveals the absolute inefficacy of modern prison management. I firmly believe that healthy, useful, and remunerative work would do much to humanise our criminal classes, while men suffering from the criminal mania explained by Professor Lombroso should never be allowed to come among their fellow-creatures.

What a powerful thing a poster is, for did it not bring Yvette and Miss Cissie into conflict? I think Yvette had decidedly a grievance when she objected, but now Miss Cissie has got a poster of her own, which Messrs. Weiner have designed and allowed me to reproduce. It is one of the most striking on the London hoardings at this moment.

The background is blue, and sets off the white figure and black-gloved hands admirably. Mdlle. Guilbert just suits the modern poster-painter, for she affects the angular, and the poster-girl of the period is all angles.

For absolute villainy, one must turn to Aaron the Moor or Richard Srockley in "The Cotton King" in search of means for comparison with the villain in "The Span of Life." One hesitates to believe that Nature could turn out anyone so wicked who was not mad—perhaps, however, the stupidity of the man will serve as madness, and satisfy a Lombroso or other believer in the insanity of crime. One does not care a rap, no doubt, since the wickedness of the man leads to two very effective melodrama situations—the lighthouse and the living bridge. I cannot remember a more ingeniously worked-up affair of its kind than the close of the second act. The picture of the wounded hero tolling the warning bell outside the lighthouse whose peal keeps the Atlantic liner from the rocks; of the villain creeping up with his revolver to ring the death-knell of his enemy and stop the bell; of the cleverly contrived boat hastening over a well-managed sea, bringing oil for the sightless lamp, and coming just in time to save the hero, was prodigiously exciting.

The living-bridge effect seemed to me rather too much hurried. However, it is a big thing in its way, and to see the three men, linked hand and foot, throw themselves across the chasm to make a bridge for the heroine was worth a visit to the theatre. I should like to know whether in real life the three men could have disentangled



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themselves without falling down the chasm; perhaps this was explained in the last act; but the last act of a new melodrama, like that of "The School for Scandal," is rarely witnessed by the critic. Mr. Austin Melford acted with much skill and power as the villain. Miss Sydney Fairbrother had no chance of another *Oriana* triumph, but played with great energy and some cleverness.

THE BALLADE OF ROHINI.

Miss Sarojini Chattopâdhyây, the author of this ballade, came to England about a year ago from Hyderabad. By special allowance of age she has been admitted to Girton from next October, where she intends taking the History Tripos. She began studying English as a child. This is her first attempt at ballade-writing. It may be noted that the word Kaffiri in the third verse means Infidel.—ED.

O proudly do the woodlands bear
Their robes of green embroidery,
And golden falls the sunlight where
The Hindu maiden wanders free;
And radiant like the dawn is she,
In crimson and in silver dight,
The lovely maiden Rohini,
With eyes like starry dreams of night.

Chasing the wild gazelle and fair,
Thro' grove and glade and forest lea,
Rides Nasir, haughty Osman's heir,
Chanting a love-strain merrily;
When, lo! what vision faëry
Doth thrill his heart's blood ruby-bright?
The lovely maiden Rohini,
With eyes like starry dreams of night.

" By all the saints in Heaven I swear,
Yon lotus-bosomed Kaffiri,
With roses in her fragrant hair,
By vesper call my bride shall be!
My life for the sweet ecstasy
To kiss her red lips' dear delight!"—
The lovely maiden Rohini,
With eyes like starry dreams of night!

L'ENVOI.

But Fate divides, O prince, from thee,
By Hindu caste and Islam rite,
The lovely maiden Rohini,
With eyes like starry dreams of night.

SAROJINI CHATTOPODHYAY.

SEÑOR ZEREGA AND HIS COMPANY.

Señor Don Eduardo Zerega and his company of troubadours, who appear at the Empire on Monday, have done much to make Spanish singing and dancing popular in England and America. Señor Zerega himself is not only an expert player on the mandoline, he is a very acute observer, and, on his first arrival in England, set about the difficult task of bringing an uneducated people to appreciate something they had never seen or heard before. He knew that the native peasant dances, with their quaint and arbitrary music, would not at first appeal to English people, so he made the songs and dancing a mixture of what the traveller meets in Spanish villages and on the Spanish stage. Costumes and accessories are essentially reminiscent of the zarzuelas, or comic operas, while the steps of the dances are accurate, and only occasionally embellished with additions to please the taste of foreigners. This judicious mixture has been a success, so that Señor Zerega and his clever company have not only been favourably received all over the country, but they have played on more than one occasion before the Queen, and her Majesty ordered them to be presented to her. It was only in August last that they had the honour of appearing at Osborne. One afternoon in December, I went down to a performance given by the company at the Crystal Palace, and, in spite of the counter-attraction of the annual bicycle-show, I found a very good attendance in the theatre. Señor Don Zerega played; La Chinita, a clever little girl, only just in her teens, danced the cachucha; and one Juan Gomez exhibited much talent in the direction of comedy. Unfortunately for me, Señorita Dorado, who is the best dancer of the company, had been smitten by the bicycling craze, had strained her foot, and could not dance. The playing, both on mandoline and guitar, was of high quality, and seemed to please the audience very much. A funny effect was obtained by playing an arrangement of English airs after the Spanish method, in the peculiar time affected by Andalusian musicians. During the interval I had a short chat with Señor Zerega, who told me that the popularity of the style of music and dancing was rapidly increasing. He summed up Spanish music very accurately when he said that it is the result of mandoline and guitar, and owes its character to these instruments. For the past six years he has given an annual mandoline and guitar concert in town, the last being held at the Chelsea Town Hall on May 19, when a distinguished company of amateurs took part in the performance. It is pleasant to note the success of Señor Don Zerega's entertainment and its promotion to our best variety theatre. English people have been too long oblivious of the attractions of Spanish music and dancing.

B.



SEÑOR ZEREGA AND HIS COMPANY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEHENHAM, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

C

"A MOTHER OF THREE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

CHEVELEY THRUPP (MR. COSMO STUART).

The present year, so far, is memorable theatrically for the number of plays written by women. Miss Harriett Gay, collaborating with Mr. Buchanan, gave us "The Romance of the Shopwalker," at the Vaudeville, and "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," by the same pens, was followed at Terry's by "Jedbury Junior," by Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley. At the Royalty, the indefatigable Mrs. Alicia Ramsey, and her collaborateur, Mr. de Cordova, produced the gloomy curtain-raiser "Monsieur de Paris." But the most extraordinary woman-playwright of the lot is Miss Clo Graves, whose farce, "A Mother of Three," was produced at the Comedy Theatre on April 8, and whose ill-fated comedy, "A Matchmaker," written in conjunction with Miss Gertrude Kingston, was put on at the Shaftesbury after the luckless "Sin of St. Hulda." Probably it has never before occurred in the theatrical annals of London that two plays by the same woman have been running at the same time. That distinction belongs to Miss Graves. "A Mother of Three" relies for its humour on the converse of "Charley's Aunt," for instead of the man donning female attire, a woman masquerades as a man. At the Globe an aunt has to be created, at the Comedy a father has to be forthcoming. It is not a very subtle form of humour this, but the public seem to like it, and "A Mother of Three" has succeeded. Miss Fanny Brough (in "breeks") is the head and front of the merriment; she is capitally supported as follows—

Professor Murgatroyd	...	Mr. C. H. BROOKFIELD.
Sir Wellington Port, K.C.B.	...	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Napier Outram Port	...	Mr. STUART CHAMPION.
Captain Tuckle	...	Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON.
Cheveley Thrupp	...	Mr. COSMO STUART.
Lady Port	...	MISS ROSE LECLERCQ.
Amelia	...	MISS MACKENZIE.
Sooza	...	MISS ANNIE GOWARD.
Cassiopeia	...	MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.
Vesta	...	MISS LILY JOHNSON.
Aquila	...	MISS AUDREY FORD.
Mrs. Murgatroyd	...	MISS FANNY BROUGH.



MRS. MURGATROYD (MISS FANNY BROUGH), AND THE TRIPLETS.





CASSIOPEIA (MISS ESMÉ BERNINGE), AND HER MOTHER.



MRS. MURGATROYD AND LADY PORT (MISS ROSE LECLERCQ).



VESTA (MISS LILY JOHNSON), CASSIOPEIA, AND AQUILA (MISS AUDREY FORD).



LORD RONALD GOWER.

The solemn silk hat has again been attacked, Lord Ronald Gower having stepped forward to wage war on "this most uncomfortable and hideous headgear, worthy of a scarecrow, but not of a human being." The evolution of the tall hat, by the way, is treated at great length and admirably illustrated in the June number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Lord Ronald, indeed, deserves a hearing, for he has lived and worked from his earliest youth in a world of aesthetic principles, and among people to whom each thing of beauty is a joy for ever. Few men still on the right side of fifty have seen and done as much as the subject of our sketch, for, in addition to possessing rare artistic gifts, he may be considered to be a leading authority on many literary and historical subjects, and he has known almost all the notable people of his generation, from Garibaldi and Disraeli to Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie.

Through his mother, the sculptor of "The Old Guard" is descended from Belted Will, the redoubtable Border chieftain whose exploits were sung by Sir Walter Scott. Another of his ancestors, Thomas Gower, was "Serjeant Painter" to Queen Elizabeth. This worthy's device—his coat-of-arms in a pair of scales far outweighed by a compass—now forms the book-plate design of the most artistic of his descendants.

Lord Ronald is the youngest son of the second Duke of Sutherland, and is uncle to the present chief of his house. He is but a few days older than another of his nephews, the Marquis of Lorne, to whom he acted as "supporter," or best man, on his marriage with Princess Louise.

Although he spent a certain portion of his boyhood at Eton, the late Duke of Sutherland's youngest son may be said to be one of the most striking examples of the value of a home education. He was from childhood brought into close contact with one of the most interesting political and social centres of the world. It would be impossible in a few words to give anything like an adequate idea of the part played by Stafford House in the England of the 'fifties and the 'sixties. The then Duchess of Sutherland, not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most large-hearted and intellectual women of her time, took an active part in the promotion of art, science, and philanthropy, and to her Lord Ronald undoubtedly owes in a great measure his charm of manner and his wide culture. It is curious that Lord Ronald had already sat for some years in Parliament as Liberal Member for Sutherland, and had published an important work on the Lenoir collection of portraits, before he discovered that his real vocation was art.

Perhaps fortunately for himself, though not for posterity, Lord Ronald Gower has been able to carry out his theory that an artist should only work under inspiration. Each example of his genius stands out clearly in the memory as the embodiment of some heroic personality or striking idea.

Many are familiar with the impressive statue of Marie Antoinette now in the gallery of Grosvenor House, which represents the Queen as

she appeared on the morning of her execution when passing through the courtyard of the Conciergerie. No man living knows more about that tragic phase of the French Revolution than does the sculptor of Marie Antoinette. He made it at one time the business of his life to discover documents and letters shedding light on her last days, and he possesses a unique collection of medals and other relics connected with her history.

Of peculiar interest, and of considerable historical value, is Lord Ronald's "Old Guard," the recumbent figure of one of Napoleon's old soldiers, which realises with intense force the famous words uttered by General Baron Michel as he fell at Waterloo, "The Guard dies but never surrenders." This bronze, exhibited at the Academy in 1877, is

now in the possession of the Queen. In addition to its artistic excellence, it is remarkable for its accuracy in every detail of the curious and elaborate uniform of La Vieille Garde.

Lord Ronald has found French history full of inspiration. His Life of Joan of Arc is notable from the fact that her biographer personally visited every spot connected with her career. It was his great desire to find some authentic counterfeit presentment of the heroic Maid, but he was obliged to give up his quest unsatisfied. Another subject of artistic and antiquarian interest on which the sculptor-author is a leading authority is Shakespeare's portraits. Appointed some years ago a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, his contribution to the vexed question is worthy of attention. He is one of the few who believe in the authenticity of the Kesselstadt mask, said to have been taken after Shakespeare's death, which tallies to a remarkable degree with the bust over Shakespeare's Grave in Stratford-on-Avon Church.

Lord Ronald spent twelve years over the Shakespeare Memorial Statue now at Stratford, and it will probably remain his largest and most important piece of work. At the base of the pillar, below the seated figure of the dramatist, are four life-size statues of the most representative of his characters—Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Falstaff, and Prince Hal.

Had he cared to do so, there seems little doubt that Lord Ronald Gower would have obtained fame as a sculptor of portrait-busts. His statuette of Lord Beaconsfield so delighted his sitter as to draw from him the following note: "You have conferred on me a great favour. All my friends who have seen your beautiful work

pronounce it the best likeness of your present correspondent." And it has remained the Queen's favourite likeness of the great statesman. Some years later, he had an opportunity of giving the world a companion figure of Mr. Gladstone. The sculptor has, perhaps unconsciously, curiously symbolised the difference between the two men. Disraeli wears full Court-dress, and is seated on a throne-like seat, while Mr. Gladstone is in his famous woodman's attire, his right hand grasping an axe.

Miniature replicas of his own works, and countless artistic treasures and historical relics, make Lord Ronald Gower's English home one of the most interesting houses in London. A special value, both from the historic and the human point of view, attaches to his fine collection of Marie Antoinette relics, which include a complete set of the medals, struck in gold, silver, and bronze, commemorating the various events of the Queen's life, from those issued in honour of her marriage to those

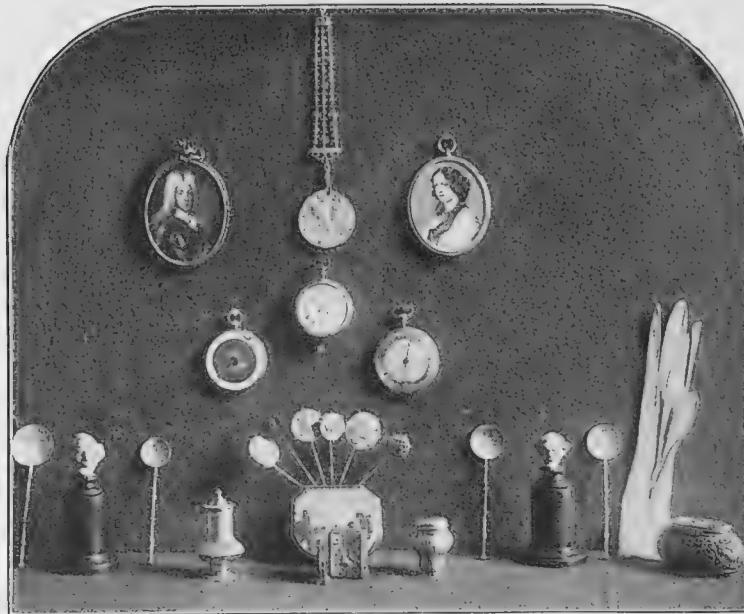


LORD RONALD GOWER.

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coined in England and Holland after her execution. Equalling these in interest and pathos, to anyone familiar with the brief life of Louis the Sixteenth's unhappy Queen, is the fan presented to her by a deputation of French girls when she first set foot on French soil at Strasburg, and given to the present owner by the Princess d'Henin. Another relic of Marie Antoinette is a tiny alabaster bust, once in the possession of the Empress Eugénie, who gave it to Lord Ronald some twenty years ago. Two dainty volumes stamped with the Queen's arms give a curious

The Chevalier de St. George. — Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland.



PRINCESS PAULINE BORGHESE'S GLOVE ON THE RIGHT.

clue to the character of the Austrian Archduchess; the one is a book of devotions, the other of fashions. Also may be mentioned a single ivory opera-glass, or *lunette*, the counters used at the royal card-tables, and several exquisite portraits and miniatures of Marie Antoinette taken in the heyday of her youth and beauty. A curious relic of the First Empire is a glove and shoe which once clothed the slender fingers and foot of Napoleon the First's lovely sister, Pauline Borghese, which doubtless remained hidden out of sight for many years in some old Italian palace.

Lord Ronald Gower possesses many links both with old and modern Italy. One of the most interesting chapters in the volumes of reminiscences published by him in 1884 is that which includes an account of a visit paid to Garibaldi at the latter's island home at Caprera, and probably few Englishmen, even belonging to a past generation, when Italy and Italian art were decidedly the mode, know as much of the country which produced Michael Angelo, Raffaello, and Benvenuto Cellini. But, although there are in Lord Ronald's London house many

life-sized sketch of Maria Siddons, a picture which hung for many years at Evans's Supper Rooms in Covent Garden. A fine collection of eighteenth-century portraits, painted by John Dowman—a very original and now little-known English artist, who portrayed, in turn, Queen Charlotte, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Georgiana Bertie, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Anna Horatio Waldegrave, Lady Derby (Miss Farren), and many other great ladies of his day—give an added delight to a morning spent in Lord Ronald Gower's house, the more so that but few

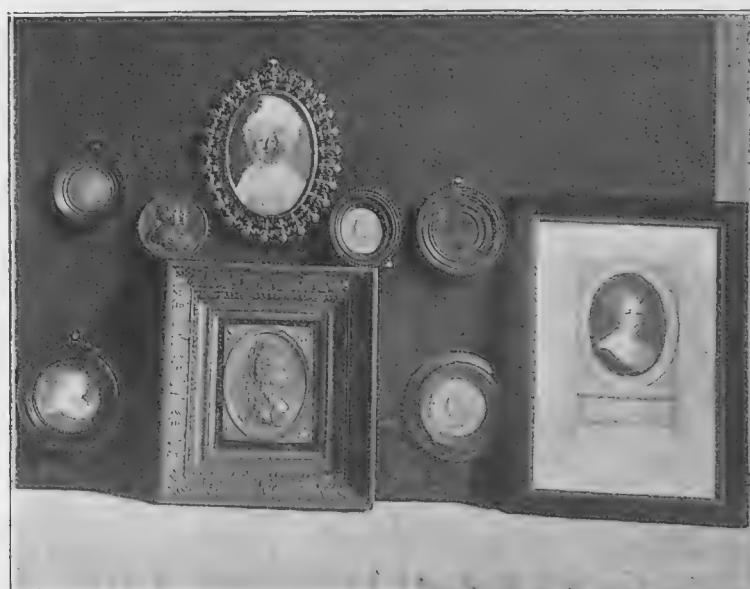


VARIOUS ARTICLES OF "BIGOTRY AND VIRTUE."

Dowmans are accessible to art-lovers, for, though his work is in many respects in no way inferior to Cosway's, his drawings are scattered all over England, in old country houses, where they are to be found, as often as not, hung in bedrooms and corridors, doubtless because his portraits, nearly always taken in profile, drawn with a pencil, and but slightly tinted, are full of evanescent charm and lack the boldness of design and brilliancy of colouring to which the world has become accustomed in modern portrait-painting.

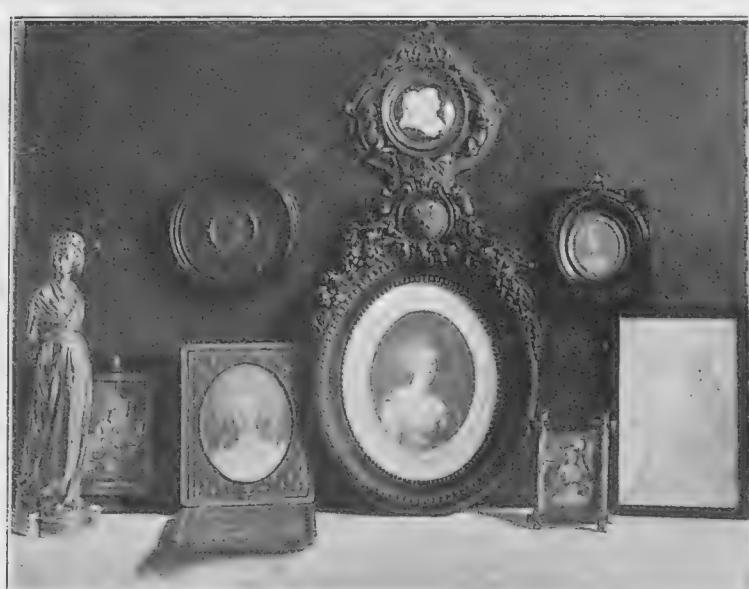
It is hardly necessary to add that Lord Ronald possesses a priceless collection of paintings and other objects connected with the history of his own family, from the fine water-colour drawings of Sutherland, painted by his grandmother, "the Duchess-Countess," who was at one time Ambassador to the Court of Louis the Sixteenth, to a pen-and-ink sketch of one of the Queen's bridesmaids, presented by her Majesty to the Duchess of Sutherland when the latter was Mistress of the Robes.

Among Lord Ronald Gower's artistic and literary achievements must also be mentioned the reproduction, by a peculiar process, of three



MEDALS AND PORTRAITS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND MADAME ELIZABETH.

indications of his love of and appreciation for Italy, he has remained very faithful to English artists and to English art. Of considerable historic as well as intrinsic value is the miniature-sized but boldly painted portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, probably done when the painter was about five-and-twenty years of age, and earlier than the well-known picture where he is represented shading his eyes as he worked at his easel. A companion portrait is the exquisite "Thomas Gainsborough," also painted by the artist himself. Sir Thomas Lawrence is represented by a



PORTRAITS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND MADAME ELIZABETH.

hundred of the Clouet portraits at Castle Howard, and an earlier work on the Lenoir collections; "The Last Days of Marie Antoinette," a book filled with valuable and hitherto little-known facts; a life of Joan of Arc; and last, not least, the two charming volumes of personal recollections, published some twelve years ago, and the perusal of which cannot but inspire the reader with a hope that some day "My Reminiscences" will be continued and brought up to date by their singularly gifted and versatile author.



MR. HAYDEN COFFIN AS REGINALD FAIRFAX IN "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

"Jack's the boy for work, Jack's the boy for play!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE THOU'.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

"My dear girl, you'll have to let me off. I'm awfully sorry, but the Gov. won't give way. I'm really fond of you, and I think you are of me, but—"

"Oh! why didn't I want to marry a decent barrister, a doctor, or even a journalist, instead of an earl's younger son?" said Miss Muriel Mallett, with a frown on her pretty face, and a tear or two in her large, limpid eyes—eyes which made all the men think, wrongly, that she was poetical and sentimental. "But, seriously, can you give me up?"

The Hon. Bob Martindale looked at her. She was just his ideal—tall, well-built, but with a saucy face in which the big black eyes seemed out of place, if fascinating. There was in her countenance the strangeness which, according to Bacon, is necessary to great beauty. She affected a tailor-made gown and was always well-groomed; yet, though her dress was a trifle mannish, in the brusque movements which showed that she was fidgety, glimpses of gossamer stocking and fine Valenciennes revealed themselves, and showed that she had a conscience in costume that would have delighted the hero of Gautier's novel with the famous preface.

"My dear girl, if it were a question of risking my life, or anything like that, I wouldn't hesitate; if it were even one of those affairs of fellows who, for a few hours of—of—well, you know, gladly die, I'd be there; but—but I can't be a cad. They have brought me up as a swell without any profession, and I'm a bit of a fool, and I couldn't live on your earnings as actress, so there you are."

Miss Muriel sighed. Bob was a handsome fellow and manly, and he would have the title and estates some day if two obstacles were to disappear.

"I did like you, Bob, and do, and you were always straight. I should like to have been your wife. If only we'd some money to run a theatrical company with!"

"Yes, if I hadn't been such a juggins as to blue the five thou. old Uncle Tom left me—I didn't know you then."

"Yes, if we'd the five thou!" she started a little. "You will marry me if ever I have five thousand pounds? Oh, you'd have to work, have to be my manager."

He nodded.

"It's a promise for two years?"

"Yes."

"Honour bright?"

"Yes, of course, if—"

"If I run straight? Well, look here, we've been engaged—honourably—and you want to break it off."

He lowered his head.

"I'm young, only twenty-four even at Somerset House. I'd like to have married you, and I should have been a good wife, too. However, some day I may want to marry someone else."

The man shuddered.

"A broken engagement isn't a certificate of good character; you must give me one. That's fair."

She got up and wheeled to him a little round table, on which was a crocodile-skin writing-pad, with silver edges. She opened it, took out writing-paper, and found him pen and ink.

"Now, then, write this—

"MY DEAR MISS MALLETT,—It is my painful duty to tell you that I have made fruitlessly a desperate effort to gain my father's consent to our marriage. He utterly refuses, saying that he is so old-fashioned as to object to have an actress as daughter-in-law. Therefore, I am compelled to break off my engagement with a woman whom I still love and esteem."

The Hon. Bob signed the letter sadly.

"Now, be off. I've to go to rehearsal. No, you mustn't drive me down. Once more, if within two years I have five thou. as capital, you promise you will marry me?"

"Yes, darling, on my word of honour!"

With a swift movement she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him passionately. A minute later he found himself in the street, sad and bewildered.

That evening there was rejoicing in the big mansion in Belgrave Square, and the Earl of Hexham drank too much in honour of the return to respectability of the prodigal Bob.

"We'll soon find you a wife, my boy," he said, over the port, which he drank in honour of the affair and defiance of gout and doctor's orders. "None of your rich American trash, but someone of decent family and the sort of solid, reasonable dowry that a younger son deserves."

Next morning, at twelve o'clock, when the Earl was vainly trying to put on his boots without swearing at the pain, the Hon. Bob entered the library with a document in his hand. "I never thought she'd have done it, sir," he said.

"Done what?"

"Look; the beastly thing says, 'The Plaintiff claims damages for breach of promise of marriage.'"

"Bring me my slippers!" shouted the Earl; "damn the horse! send round the brougham!"

Off he went to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"You'd better settle," said Mr. Ponder, the old family lawyer.

"Settle!" he shouted, "settle! I'll show up the baggage, the—I'll put every detective in London on the job. I'm not afraid of Court, and when the jury hear what she really is—"

"But the scandal?"

"Don't talk about scandal; enter an appearance, and leave the rest to me."

"My dear Governor," interrupted Bob, who had accompanied him, "be fair to the girl. I didn't think Muriel would have done it; but she's perfectly straight—I'd stake my life on it."

"Nonsense, Bob! You're a fool, and you'd better stay abroad till the affair's over. I'll attend to it. I'll show her how to fight." The Earl's eyes gleamed. "We'll teach her, won't we, Ponder, what litigation means?" Then he told a lengthy, stale tale of his successful lawsuit about right of way—a success which added a new mortgage to the family collection.

"It's all very well," said Mr. Ponder; "but that was Chancery, this is Common Law. I'm sure we should make a mess of it. One of my articled clerks has set up in business in Bedford Row; he's a smart fellow, and will fight hard, and just suit you."

Bob went off to the Riviera, and lost all the money his father gave him. During his absence the old gentleman employed a detective—a fellow with splendid imagination but very poor powers of observation—and the skirmishing was done under the Earl's supervision. Bob was to have stayed away till after the trial; however, an urgent letter from a club friend of his father brought him home in a hurry. He arrived in the evening, and, going to the Carlton, learnt that the case was in the list for next day. When he reached Belgrave Square and was shown into the library, he found his father with Mr. Hicks, his Bedford Row solicitor. There was a row going on at a high pitch.

"Pray tell your father he must settle," said Mr. Hicks.

"Settle be damned!" interrupted the old boy.

"Settle, I say," rejoined the solicitor. "You see, Mr. Martindale, Sir Edward says he won't cross-examine the plaintiff as to her character. He suggests that the material is absurd, and he does not believe a word of the detective's story—he says he'd sooner return the brief."

"And the cheque?" gasped the Earl.

"Yes, and the cheque. He says there's no decent defence, and he won't try to support the detective's tissue of lies. Moreover, he insists that if he did he'd fail, and the damages and disgrace would be awful."

"What does it matter to me?" shouted the old gentleman. "It's not my case, it's my son's."

"That's a bit steep," observed the son.

"My retainer is from you, my lord," urged Mr. Hicks.

"Oh, I'll pay your confounded costs, but where will they get their damages from?"

Bob groaned.

"They've told me they'll make him bankrupt," replied Mr. Hicks, "and his discharge will be suspended for two years at least."

"What has that to do with me?" said the Earl grimly.

Bob interposed: "Lord Salisbury has many claims on his patronage, and in my bankruptcy he'd find a decent excuse for leaving me out in the cold."

The Earl had no gout, but he managed without its help to use very vigorous language concerning sons, solicitors, advocates, and actresses.

"They will take £5000 for damages, with a full apology and withdrawal in open Court," said Mr. Hicks, "and £500 for costs."

"An apology! A withdrawal!"

"A withdrawal of all the charges on the record."

Next day, to the infinite disgust of the reporters and the crowded Court, Sir Edward, in a graceful speech, made an apology of the most ample character, withdrew all imputations, and announced that £5000 would be paid as compensation for the injury to the lady, together with her costs.

The *Morning Post*, on the morrow, announced that the Earl of Hexham had gone to Buxton.

When the Honourable Robert, a day later, received a letter from Muriel, saying she was most anxious to see him, he took a cab to Brompton Crescent, and grew more and more perplexed every inch of the way.

Miss Muriel, looking very neat, natty, handsome, and piquant, with a prodigious glow of life in her eyes, shook hands with him warmly and made him sit down on the sofa by her side. For a quarter of an hour she stimulated his curiosity by talking about nothing in particular. At last his patience broke down.

"Look here, Ella," he said brusquely, "stow the cackle and come to cues. I'm delighted to see you, and don't bear malice; but what on earth put it into your pretty head to send for me?"

She laughed loud, long, and heartily—so loud, long, and heartily that at last he laughed with her.

"Well, you are a goose!" she said.

"I know it," he answered. "I dread Michaelmas."

"I think your brain's developing: you're growing witty. Oh, you haven't got there yet!"

"Well, but—"

"Listen to me. The Honourable Robert Talbot Hiesmes Clarence Martindale made a promise to Miss Muriel Mallett that, if within two years she had five thousand pounds to finance a theatrical company with, he'd marry her."

He gazed open-mouthed.

She wheeled up the little round table to him, opened the crocodile-skin writing-pad with silver edges, and took a bundle of crisp "flimsies" from the flap.

"One, two, three, four," she counted out up to fifty; "fifty brand-new Bank of England notes, each for a hundred beautiful, shining sovereigns. You see, I've got the five thou."

He stared, mentally paralysed.

"The damages!" she shouted, hysterical with laughter.

"The damages!"

"Yes, and your promise."

"Yes, but—"

"There are no buts about it; you've promised, and you love me."

He nodded.

"And I love you. If the Earl hadn't played it so low down in the defence I might have cracked up the game. As it is, I hold you to your word as a man of honour. Will you marry me?"

She looked into his eyes. He really loved her. She took hold of his left hand, his right arm wandered round her waist.

"Will you marry me?" she repeated, her lips an inch from his.

He replied affirmatively without a word.

There is now one obstacle the less between the husband of the fascinating Muriel Mallett and the Earldom of Hexham, for his lordship died suddenly from apoplexy on getting a telegram from an old club friend concerning his son's marriage with the fascinating actress.

THE MESSAGE IN THE SAND.

Stranger, you furriners don't never seem to consider that a woman has always got the devil to fight in two people at once! Hit's two ag'in one, I tell ye, an' hit hain't fa'r. That's what I said more 'n two years ago, when Rosie Branham was a-layin' up thar at Dave Hall's, white an' mos' dead.

An', God! boys, I says, that leetle thing in thar by her shorely can't be to blame. Thar hain't been a word ag'in Rosie sence; an' stranger, I reckon thar nuver will be. Fer, while the gal hain't got hide o' kith nor kin, thar air two fellers up hyeh sorter lookin' after Rosie; an' one of 'em is the shootin'es' man on this erick, I reckon, 'cept one; an' stranger, that's t'other.

Rosie kep' her mouth shut fer a long while, an' I reckon as how the feller 'lowed she wasn't goin' to tell. Co'se the woman folks got hit out'n her—they al'ays gits whut they want, as you know—'n' thar the sorry cuss was a livin' up thar in the Bend, jes' atoun' that bluff o' lorrel yander, a-lookin' pious, 'n' a-singin', 'n' a-saying "Amen" louder 'n anybody when thar was meetin'.

Well, my boy Jim an' a lot o' fellers jes' went up fer him right away. I don't know as the boys would 'a' killed him *exactly* ef they had kotched him, though they mought; but they got Abe Shivers, as tol' the feller they was a-comin'—you've heerd tell o' Abe—an' they mos' beat Abraham Shivers to death. Stranger, the sorry cuss was Dave. Rosie hadn't no daddy an' no mammy, an' she was jes' a-workin' at Dave's fer her victuals 'n' clo'es. 'Pears like the pore gal was jes' tricked into evil. Looked like she was sorter witched—'n' anyways, stranger, she was a-fightin' Satan in *herself*, as well as in Dave. Hit was two ag'in one, an' hit wasn't fa'r.

Co'se, they turned Rosie right out in the road. I hain't got a word to say ag'in Dave's wife fer that; 'n' after a while the boys lets Dave come back to take keer o' his old mammy, of co'se; but I tell ye Dave's a-playin' a purty lonesome tune. He keeps purty shy *yit*. He don't never sa'nter down this way. 'Pears like he don't seem to think hit's healthy for him down hyeh, 'n' I reckon Dave's right.

Rosie? Oh, well! I sorter tuk Rosie in myself. Yes, she's been livin' thar in the shack with me 'n' my boy Jim, an' the—why, thar he is now, stranger. That's him a-wallerin' out thar in the road. Do you reckon thar'd be a single thing ag'in that leetle cuss, ef he had to stand up on Judgment Day jes' as he is now?

Look hyeh, stranger, whut you reckon the Lawd kep' a-writin' thar on the groun' that day, when them fellers was a-pesterin' him 'bout that pore woman? Don't you jes' know he was a-writin' 'bout sech as *him*—an' Rosie? I tell ye, brother, he writ thar jes' what I'm al'ays a-sayin': Hit hain't the woman's fault. I said it more 'n two years ago, when Rosie was up thar at ole Dave's, 'n' I said it yestiddy, when my boy Jim come to me 'n' 'lowed as how he aimed to take Rosie down to town to-day an' git married.

"You ricollect, dad," says Jim, "her mammy?"

"Yes, Jim," I says; "all the better reason not to be hard on Rosie!"

I'm a-lookin' for 'em both back right now, stranger, an' ef you will, I'll be mighty glad to have ye stay right hyeh to the infair this very night. Thar nuver was a word ag'in Rosie afore; thar hain't been sence. 'n' you kin ride up 'n' down this river till the crack o' doom 'n' you'll nuver hear a word ag'in her ag'in! Fer, as I tol' you, my boy Jim is the shootin'es' man on this erick, I reckon, 'cept one, an' stranger, that's me!

JOHN FOX JUNIOR.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LVI.—"JUDY" AT HOME.

Since the death of *Ariel*, the clever, curiously uneven mixture of old and new humour which gave Zangwill his real start, I had not been into the office of a comic paper until the other day, when I called at *Judy's* in order to see the new editor—

"Miss Gillian Debenham, Proprietor and Editor," was on the card I had. Although I have had too much laughter from the humour of women writers to fancy that we men have a monopoly of wit or humour, I half expected that the "Miss" was one of *Judy's* jokes; but soon found that I was wrong, as the photograph of the lady will show.

"So *Judy* really has a lady editor?"

"Yes; I am going to be editor so far as the literary work is concerned, and Mr. R. A. Brownlie will act as art-editor."

Readers of *The Sketch* are well acquainted with the clever drawings of "R.A.B.," otherwise,

Mr. Brownlie, whose work as art-editor will leave him plenty of time for using his talent as artist.

"But how did you become editor?"

"Very simply. I used to contribute to the paper in Mr. Dalziel's days. Subsequently—that is, last September—I bought the paper, and now I've determined to edit it—and improve it, too. In what way? To begin with, I am taking a step backwards, and reviving the old cover and printing the paper in black and white, instead of the recent primrose and blue."

"It seems indelicate to ask *Judy's* age, but—"

"The first of May was her thirtieth birthday. Save *Punch*, she is the oldest weekly comic in London. I'm going to make the paper more up-to-date than it has been, and get a younger set of artists and literary contributors, giving them freer play, too. Oh, no, I haven't completed my arrangements, but Forrest, J. B. Yeats, and 'Yorick' will work, also Mr. Brownlie and others I should like to name; but I mustn't show my hand too much. Politics? Rather! *Judy* has always been a strong Conservative, and politicians of weight take an interest in her, and not a few are subscribers. L. Godfrey-Turner and Alfred Bryan are again collaborating on the dramatic page."

"It used to be somewhat comic to see *Judy* and *Fun* diametrically opposed in politics, yet published and owned by the same people," I said.

"They were meant to be comic, of course. We are going to do many double-page cartoons. Price? Still twopence. Why should we reduce it? Tendency of the times? The tendency of the times is to pay what a thing is worth, and it is going to be worth twopence, and more, too, if I can make it. By-the-bye, it is curious and pleasant to see how willing the old contributors are to work again for the paper."

"I hope you are going to use signed work. It seems a curious anomaly that, while all the drawings are signed, the literary men remain anonymous."

"I don't know that it has occurred to me in that way. You see, it is hardly the custom to have signed articles in comic papers."

"Or to have lady editors. But if one pleasant departure, why not another?"

"Well, I don't think we should make the change at once, but—"

"I hope the time will come."

"So do I," said Mr. "R.A.B."

"Do you intend to write much for the paper yourself?" I inquired.

"No, I think not. I don't believe much in the idea of editors writing for their own paper; they are apt in consequence to value wrongly the contributions."

Since one of the lady editor's ideas is to be brief, I shall act upon it myself, and leave the readers to see whether Miss Gillian Debenham succeeds in her task of improving the popular old paper.



MISS GILLIAN DEBENHAM.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MR. R. A. BROWNLIE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



IDYLL OF THE SEA.—ABBEY ALTSON.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. BY PERMISSION OF ALFRED GOLDBERG.

ART NOTES.

A very pretty edition of "The Rape of the Lock," "embroidered with nine drawings by Aubrey Beardsley," has been published by Leonard Smithers, of Arundel Street. The new edition is dedicated to Mr. Edmund Gosse, doubtless for adequate if for somewhat occult reasons. The text has been most carefully and reverently handled, and the notes are valuable. As to Mr. Beardsley's illustrations, it may be recorded



From "The Rape of the Lock." Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley.

that the absence of the fantastic element introduced by Pope in them is felt throughout as a real want; at the same time, there is sentiment and appreciation of the period and the narrative in all of them. The one reproduced in these columns is, perhaps, the best of the series. Belinda sits at her toilet—

The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care;
These set the Head, and those divide the Hair;
Some fold the Sleeve, whilst others plait the Gown;
And *Betty*'s praised for labours not her own.

In the drawing, at all events, the result is made to appear due to *Betty*'s labour—a result indeed which might well be attributed to the higher ministrations of the *Sylphs*.

A poster exhibition was recently held in Massachusetts. In the index the names of the artists and their nationalities were given. After Mr. Abbey was the word "English." This was blotted out in every copy, and the word "American" stamped (by hand) on the top of it—which is curious.

Great is the glory of Gainsborough! Every new sale adds another record to the justifiable popularity which, in recent times, has added lustre to a reputation the intrinsic worth of which needed no such added lustre. In the year 1847 Messrs. Foster sold a portrait by Gainsborough said to be of Miss Farren (who was afterwards Countess of Derby) as Maria Darlington, for the sum of twelve guineas. As a matter of fact, the lady in question was not Miss Farren, but Mdlle. Beccelli, a celebrated dancer of the period. That is a detail; but the fact to be recorded is this, that the picture sold for the price of a song fifty years ago has just been purchased by Mr. Wertheimer for the sum of 780 guineas. That, it may be taken, is something of a record.

At the same sale Messrs. Colnaghi secured Dance's portrait of David Garrick for 64 guineas, and Mr. Wertheimer purchased Wheatley's well-known portrait of Mrs. Jordan for 78 guineas. The rest was not of interest, save that it may be recorded that a very pretty gold bracelet, containing miniatures and reliques of Lord Byron, Sophia Maria Byron, Frances Leigh, and Sir Peter Parker, fetched a sum of 52 guineas. Turning, however, to a sale that took place the same day by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher, mention may be made of the ridiculously low

prices which pictures by Old Masters of the highest name and fame fetched. A Franz Hals, for example, "Boy Blowing Bubbles," went for the absurd price of 65 guineas, and—even worse—a Holbein, "Portrait of a Gentleman in Black Cap and Dress," was purchased for 50 guineas. Sir Peter Lely's Portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland was bought for 95 guineas, a Van der Helst for 85 guineas, and—the only decent realised price, and that not much—a portrait by R. Maas for 140 guineas.

Mr. R. Caton Woodville, R.I., is exhibiting at Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.'s Galleries, Pall Mall, a new military picture, "Jameson's Last Stand at the Battle of Doornkop." Mr. Woodville is so clever an artist, and has so keen a sympathy with military sentiment, that it is impossible not to admire the vitality and the motion of his work. As to the question whether such a picture has in it the essence of durability, let nobody pretend to pass judgment. It is admirably active work, which shows in every passage the true draughtsman whose work, if not delicate or æsthetic, is, at all events, a participator in the thoughts and actions of contemporary actors. "Wrong, was it wrong, boys?" Well, at all events, Mr. Woodville celebrates the doings of Jameson better than our Poet Laureate; for Mr. Woodville's painting is not wrong, but Mr. Austin's method was emphatically not right.

Sir John Millais' illness has come as a shock to everybody who hoped that he would from the outset be able to take up Lord Leighton's work with the continuity that befitted the functions which that distinguished man had so recently laid down. It was startling, indeed, to hear that tracheotomy had to be performed upon the new President; but, at all events, it has been gratifying to learn that, so far, the operation has been attended with favourable symptoms, and the world may hope that there are still years to come when the Academy may see on its walls repetitions of the admirable "Forerunner" of this year.

The question as to the acquisition for the nation of Lord Leighton's house still continues to agitate the sensitive hearts of those who perhaps have a desire to merge Lord Leighton's fascinating personality into the records of himself that he has left behind. But, as some reference has been recently made to the matter in this column, not altogether in sympathy with the project, it is only fair that the name of the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty"—known among friends, no doubt, as the "N.T.P.H.I.N.B." for short—should be justified in the matter. Mr. Robert Hunter, who is the Chairman of the



FREDA, DAUGHTER OF MRS. LEITH HAY CLARK.—MISS IRLAM BRIGGS.

Executive Committee of the N.T.P.H.I.N.B., has written to "prevent misapprehensions," and to state that the N.T.P., &c., "merely assisted, in the first instance, in the organisation of an independent committee to consider the question." The raising of funds, it appears, for the proposed purchase is in the hands of this committee, not in those of the N.T., &c. From which it may be gathered that the N.T.P.H.I.N.B. is wise in its generation, and, considering the uselessness of the original proposal, it may be hoped that the funds will not be forthcoming.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

We are daily seeing that truth is stranger than fiction, in this century that the prosy call prosaic. Romances and extravaganzas crowd round us; even from the everyday details of the humblest lives, what is sometimes called—ignorantly—Realism is extracting artistic possibilities hitherto undreamt of. For the true Realism in fiction and art aims at presenting not merely Mary Jane in her ordinary dress and talk, but the inner meaning and Mary Janeness of Mary Jane—that which makes her commonplace with a different commonplaceness than that of Jemima Ann. Realism is a presentation through ordinary externals of the underlying type and individual—in fact, we may say that Realism, truly conceived, is the romance of common things, even as Romance is the realism of uncommon things.

What can be more like the opening of a book of adventure than the very newest Arabian Night, now being wrought out, I fear, to a painfully ordinary conclusion in a Court of Law? Think of the golden dreams of Arabia, a fortune of twenty millions sterling, an impressive Oriental, a

than the familiar process of “breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.” They are also far more moral than gambling. The quest for treasure by lawful means has all the excitement of gambling, with none of its remorse. You gamble against Fate and circumstance, not against your fellow-men; your gain is not necessarily anybody’s loss. On the racecourse or in the gaming-house others must lose for you to win; when you break the bank by betting on the red, you have also broken the poor fellow who has staked his all on the black, and who slinks out from the scene of your triumph to die like a rat in a hole. But twenty buried millions in gold and jewels—why, the man who unveils them to the sun is a public benefactor. He has added to the sum of human prosperity. No drop of bitter mingles with the sweetness of his triumph—till he wins it.

It is something to have an aim that one is not secretly ashamed of. The recovery of millions from the oblivion of earth is a project that any man can own without a pang of conscience. It is not so with other aspirations. The philanthropist, the religious reformer, must all have their cold fits when worldly prudence and secret misgivings as to the



THE LLAMA AT THE “ZOO.”
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

weird and magnificent tale of hostile tribes and mysterious uncles somewhere in the unvisited interior of the land of old romance—and all this splendour poured suddenly into the dry routine of a lawyer’s office, gilding the green boxes and yellowing papers with the peacock magnificence of Oriental jewels! Even if the legal gentleman who guilelessly surrendered his fortune to the overmastering spell of romance never sees any of it again, he will have had a run of imagination for his money. For certain moments, he will have been a blend of Monte Cristo and Haroun Alraschid; he will have been the hero of a story such as we pay literary men thousands of pounds to pen for us. It may be a swindle, but—suppose it had been true? It may be merely our old friend the Spanish treasure story, swelled to gigantic size by refraction through an Oriental atmosphere; but if only, oh, if only it might yet turn out real!

And why should it *not* be true? Do we not see magnificent sums made daily by coincidences as improbable? The late Colonel North came upon the nitrate fields at precisely the moment when a business man could obtain control of them for a mere song. A gentleman in the City risked a few hundreds on the London production of a farce that had been doing poor business in the country; the farce was “Charley’s Aunt.” When you come to think of it, these instances are just as wonderful as the recovery of concealed treasure, and far more wonderful

wisdom and practicability of their plans have a word to say. We know that there were times when Luther doubted of his work. Doubtless there are moments when the most indefatigable of Popes or Archbishops wonders whether his great hierarchical army may not be merely marking time on the parade-ground, and calling this a victorious advance. The lover, unless his insanity is complete, must occasionally allow disturbing visions of the Mrs. Brown that will be to stray across the loveliness of the Angelina that now is. If he and his lady-love never have these interludes of clear sight, they must not, in mercy, be allowed to outlive the honeymoon. Romeo and Juliet had to die young; the mind refuses to picture their golden-wedding day, with a bald Romeo at one end of the table smiling at a stout Juliet at the other, down a lane of young Capulet-Montagues.

Love, ambition, philanthropy, all pall on us at times, and generally fail us at the finish. But the quest of the treasure-seeker never wearies, because the treasure is itself the key to future glories and pleasures. It is not the palace, but the golden vestibule and gate; Arabian millions mean power, beneficence, love, art, enjoyment, everything that can be, or seems as if it could be, bought. While one desire is left unquenched, the treasure that can satisfy that desire is itself desirable; so that the search for hidden gold may well interest a man all his life, so long as he does not attain the treasure. And this is a condition that is very often satisfied.

MARMITON.

SOME RELICS OF THE SEA-KINGS.

Among the most interesting things I came across during a recent trip to Norway and Sweden were the Viking ships in the garden of the University at Christiania. Curiously enough, both of these ships were found in mounds of blue clay, a species of soil which had evidently aided their preservation. One was found in 1867 at Tune, and the other was



VIKING BEDSTEADS.

discovered thirteen years later at Gokstad, near Sandfjord. The latter is of more importance than the former, as a large quantity of odds and ends in a perfect state of preservation were discovered in it. The old Vikings always buried their king or leader in one of his ships, and though there is no record of who was buried here, from the size of the ship it was someone of great importance. The last-found dragon, as the Viking ships were called, is built of oak, and measures about eighty feet long by about eighteen feet in beam, being propelled by a double bank of oars, sixteen each side. Undoubtedly, all the work in preparing the timber had been done with the axe, and she is clinker-built, and only in the upper part are nails used; in the other portions the planks and framework are fastened by withies passed through holes in the upper timbers and through corresponding holes in blocks projecting from the inner side of the planks. Both ends are sharp; and the deck is not fastened down, as in our ships of the present day, but consists of loose boards dropped in notches. The oar-holes still remain, and some of the oars found in the ship are about twenty feet long. The idea of a wire rope by no means belongs to the present age, as several of those found in this ship much resemble those of our time, but are of brass, and were evidently used for holding the mast in position. The rudder was fastened, not on the end of the boat,

more bones of horses and dogs which had been offered as sacrifices. Large round shields had been placed at the sides of the boat, and, at the present day, traces of yellow and black paint can be seen, though, without doubt, the vessel must be from nine hundred to eleven hundred years old. A very large copper cauldron was one of the curiosities found, which had evidently been used for cooking the food of the crew; and, besides this, a kettle and a number of small tubs were discovered. The bedsteads, which were very quaint, must have been



COPPER CAULDRON.

most uncomfortable, as they were loosely made, so that they could be easily pulled to pieces, and stowed away in a very small space.

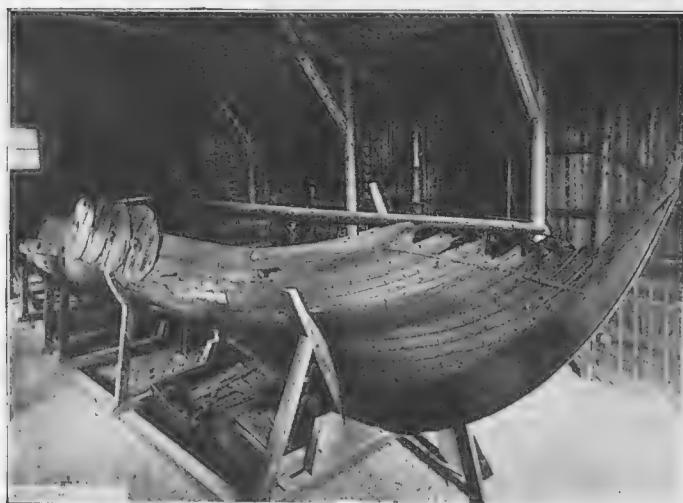
There are also the remains of three boats, which much resemble the ships in construction, having the same-shaped rudders. They were, however, propelled by oars with rude rowlocks, somewhat resembling those of the present day, and were not passed through the side of the gunwale, as is the case in the ships.

The discovery was naturally one of great importance, and forms one of the most interesting features of the collection of Norse and Swedish curiosities gathered together at the Museum.

CHARLES S. PELHAM CLINTON.

MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT.

Sir Robert Samuel Wright—the judge who vainly objected to be knighted on his appointment to the Bench—is one of our few brilliant judges, and seems certain, in the fulness of time, to reach a higher place in the judicial hierarchy than that of puisne judge. As his age is but



THE PROW.

but on the right-hand side, several feet from the stern, being formed to act much as a paddle does in guiding a canoe.

The centre of the boat had evidently been used as the burial-chamber, as a roof had been built over it; in this it was the habit to place the body, with such things as the custom of those days said to be proper and right. In this case, however, it was evident that robbers had effected an entrance, as none of the relics which old Norse records tell us were always placed beside the dead could be discovered, and the proof of their entrance was given by a hole cut in the side of the ship. Time, however, had covered in with earth the hole made, but the damage, alas! had been done. All that was found in the sepulchral chamber were the bones of some dogs, and around the mound, buried in the clay, were



THE STERN.

fifty-seven, he can afford to wait; though patience, on the Bench, is not his strong quality, as was shown by his famous nonsuit—set aside by the Court of Appeal—of a plaintiff on his counsel's opening speech. However, his impatience comes from the reluctance of an amazingly alert mind, most richly stuffed with law, to listen to hopeless arguments, and it never drives him beyond good manners. He was a Balliol man, and took a "first" in classics. In 1868 he was called by the Inner Temple, and became Radical "Treasury Devil," stepping ultimately to the Bench, without taking silk, in 1890. His lordship is not punctilious as to personal dignity of manner, and probably would like an appointment in America, where smoking on the Bench is permitted.



SKETCHES.

MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"KRIEGSPIEL."*

This is not, as the German title and its English equivalent might imply, a military story. It has plenty to tell of the teen and struggle that iron destiny deals out to mortals, of that battle of life which is not less fierce because bloodless, nor less momentous because its arena is a human heart. And whatever misconception the title might cause is at once removed by the stanza from the immortal *Omar*, as Englished by *FitzGerald*, which follows it—

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and marks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Cupboard lays.

Mr. Groome comes before us with an assured reputation. He has enriched biographical literature with the vivid and skilful sketch of his father and "Old Fitz" in "Two Suffolk Friends." We have, through an earlier book, shared his life in "Gypsy Tents." For he is of the Borrowian clan; he can *rakka Romanes*—speak Gypsy. Herein lies the explanation that much of the scenery of the present book is laid in East Anglia, and that Gypsies figure largely in its *dramatis personæ*. It is a romantico-fantastic story, bordering on the improbable, and with situations as thrilling as ever moved the readers of the "Monk" and the "Mysteries of Udolpho." But it rests on a higher plane than anything that savours of the *Minerva* school of fiction. It is the work of a man of culture, who is, what is of more import, also a student of human nature, a "scholar-gypsy" after Matthew Arnold's own heart. And that in it which may be "caviare to the general" will appeal to the cultivated reader; its literary allusiveness, its play of fancy, its divagations, as become a disciple of the author of "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye," will charm and entice us to the end. And now to the "story."

On a certain day in February 1854, Sir Charles Glemham, baronet and bachelor, descendant of an old East Suffolk family, was hunting near Plymouth, where his regiment was stationed. He "came a cropper" in taking a fence, and landed, badly hurt and stunned, at the feet of a handsome Slavonic Gypsy girl, who raised an alarm which brought speedy help. Nursed for a while in the Gypsy tent, the expected happened. Sir Charles fell in love with the swarthy beauty, Ercilla Beschalé, and, chivalrously rejecting her proposal to elope with him unconditionally, married her. Some time after this, Sir Charles, on entering the cottage which he had taken for himself and his bride, encountered Perun Stanley, a cousin of Ercilla's. The man sprang upon him, flung him down, and brutally told him that he, and not Sir Charles, was the father of Ercilla's expected baby. Furious at this news, Glemham left the place without seeing his wife, and found speedy counter-excitement in orders to embark for the Crimea. But, ere he had started, the report of Ercilla's death in child-birth reached him through servants in whose charge he had left her. To these the care of the boy, whom they had named Lionel, was entrusted, and, after schooling in Germany, he had been brought to Fressingham, the ancestral home of the Glemhams.

All which, and much more about Lionel, causing Sir Charles to repent his desertion of his Gypsy wife, he had learned when in Mexico from a letter sent him by an old flame, Dorothy Discipline. And the story opens with his journey home, made in eager desire to see the boy. On the threshold he was startled by a salute in Spanish from a figure hidden by the night, which turned out to be that of the villain of the piece—one "Dr." Watson, a slimy scoundrel, clairvoyant, and blackmailer in general, the story of whose life makes an exciting interlude in the book. Father and son embrace, and soon after their meeting there is a wedding and a funeral. Lady Ercilla's body is brought from Plymouth to be reinterred in the Glemham family vault, and Miss Discipline becomes Lady Dorothy. But only a year of happy wedded life is hers. Sir Charles leaves one day on a visit to her brother, a parson, who cuts a sorry figure throughout

the story, and never arrives. "Hue and cry" is raised; large rewards are offered; but in vain. Lady Dorothy dies heartbroken, and the mystery of the baronet's disappearance is cleared only when her remains are carried to the vault. The sexton discovers that Ercilla's body is no longer there, and that the body of Sir Charles has been put in her coffin, to the lid of which a Latin inscription bearing his name and date of death is affixed. Lionel, grief-stricken, vows vengeance on his father's murderer. He is sent by his uncle to a Catholic school in Scotland, and boarded in the house of an ex-priest who had broken his celibate vows for love. His daughter Marjory becomes Lionel's dear companion, and, in one of their jaunts together, they wander into an encampment of Gypsy horse-dealers. Lionel, who has picked up fragments of *Romanian chir*, or "Gypsy tongue," from a whilom playmate, Watson's grandson, becomes intimate with the notable queen and her daughter, Sagul Stanley, the good angel of the story. For Perun is her brother, and he it is who dogs Lionel's footsteps; Lionel, who is a helpless pawn "upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days." In due course he goes up to Oxford, reads and rows there diligently,

and takes up philology, whereon Mr. Groome dilates, for he, like Borrow, has won, although he assumes it not, the title of *Lavengro*, or "Word-master." Then arrives a "wire," which hints that, if he will go to a certain Gypsy encampment outside the city of "dreaming spires," some information about his father's murder will be forthcoming. Lionel goes; finds himself entrapped in Perun's caravan; is handcuffed, and rendered senseless by Watson's "patent inhaler." It is that rascal's face that gloats on him when he revives. The gang carry him far away into the country, and there Perun is compelled by Watson to tell Lionel that he was his father's murderer, because, as Watson explains, "Of nothing are Gypsies so careful as of a daughter's chastity," nor is there aught save revenge on the "gorgios," that is, Gentiles, who marry their women. Perun is declared to be Lionel's father, but Watson has marked out the youth as the husband of his daughter. So he offers to get Perun twenty years' penal servitude and to secure Lionel in the title and estates if he will consent to this; otherwise, he will die. "Gypsies have a horror of bloodshedding," and his doom will be suffocation in a fetid pool beneath the caravan. Lionel refuses the conditions, but is given a quarter of an hour for final decision. The time has barely expired when Sagul, who has overheard the dark plot, rushes in, kills Watson with a blow from a hammer, and releases Lionel. In

secret place far from the camp she nurses him through a fever; with golden guineas stolen from Perun she, finally, reaches Edinburgh with her dear charge. And then comes "the parting of the ways." What befell Lionel in his search after a living till Detective Orrock and the Rev. Thomas Discipline unearth him and bring him "to his own"; what befell Marjory; still more, what was the reward of the faithful Sagul—these are written in the closing chapters of a unique and fascinating book.

Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., continues his "Letters to Marco" in a second volume called "Riverside Letters" (Macmillan), illustrated also by himself. This series is as amiable, as *naïf*, and as suggestive of the writer's simple enjoyment as was the first. Their general effect is to make one think the secret of happiness and virtue is in cultivating a garden; while in detail they may possibly be helpful to amateur naturalists and gardeners, as well as provocative of small controversies between amateur observers of seasons, flowers, and insects. Mr. Leslie paints very pretty pictures every year, but I doubt whether he extracts half so much pleasure from his profession, though it happens to be an art, as he does from this hobby of his leisure, at which probably it would not be so very hard to beat him. "I returned," he says in one of the letters, "from the selection of pictures at the R. A. on the 11th, having been sitting with the others for eight days judging some 15,000 works. Alas! alas! As bad luck would have it, I thus missed the first burst into bloom of an *Iris Susiana*, to which I had been looking forward with great eagerness." Alas, indeed! some disappointed soul will say.

* "Kriegspiel: the War Game." By Francis Hindes Groome. London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden, Limited.



MR. F. H. GROOME.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SHE: What profession are you studying for?

YOUTH: Well, my friends tell me I'm cut out for the Church, but the devil's run away with the pattern.



ON THE BOULEVARDS.

FIRST VISITOR: That's Dubois, the famous novelist.

SECOND VISITOR: Oh! They say he has made a fortune by his romances.

F. V.: That is a fact.

S. V.: Yes, but founded on fiction.



"How married life does change one!"
"From what I have observed, I should say it changes two."



[Drawn by Bernard Partridge.]

BEHIND THE SCENES

V.—THE LYRIC THEATRE.

The artist and I strolled down Shaftesbury Avenue, discussing the pre-Raphaelites with an interest a sharp shower of rain could hardly diminish. The popularity of Wilson Barrett's religious play was evinced by the dimensions of the crowd assembled at the pit-entrance. In double file the enthusiasts stretched back beyond the protecting cover.

"See, sir," said I to my companion, leaving for a moment all thoughts of the "Eve of St. Agnes," and assuming a Johnsonian tone; "the pit-doors will not be opened for an hour. Regard the *early* Christian martyrs."

Our artist shivered slightly.

"Do not feel upset," I continued; "they are happy enough. See how cheerfully they put up with the combined rain from clouds and adjacent umbrellas. I see no sign of a cross one among the crowd."

Thereupon our artist was taken ill, and the visit to Lyric stage-land had to be postponed until the following evening.

Looking carefully through my notes, I wake to the sad conclusion that I have been unable to take "The Sign of the Cross" quite seriously. I have read that it has brought the church and



MARCUS IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM.

the stage together, that it is a noble lesson, that it possesses all the cardinal virtues and several others, and yet I almost failed to see aught but the ludicrous side. I am not going to discuss the play; the foregoing is intended as an apology to any susceptibilities upon which I may trample. I have been a playgoer long enough to recognise the earnest work and splendid gifts of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and to be delighted that he has secured a huge Metropolitan success, even with a provincial company and a provincial play. He has deserved the reward of untiring energy and a brave struggle for London recognition. Nothing written here will affect the piece in any way, for his ardent patrons have all the courage of their own or their clergyman's opinions. And now, having eased my conscience, let me pen a true account of the adventures of artist and self among the wicked subjects of Nero.

We stood together on the Lyric stage, where I, at least, had not been since the earliest days of "Little Christopher Columbus," when pretty Alice Gilbert danced my heart away in a tarantella, and I called to tell her what she had done.

Now, in the place of the Cádiz Plaza I looked upon a street in Rome, occupied, for the moment, by a humorous old gentleman with a false nose and a vinous expression. He was expounding stage philosophy to a lady with a large smile, who stood on the top of some steps, practising elocution in the intervals of her comic countryman. Some soldiers soon came on the scene. I was speaking to Mr. Catheart, the stage-manager, who has been with Wilson Barrett for more than twenty years, and whose late father was with John Hare for a long time. While we were talking, something occurred to vex the Roman soldiers, for they came off, groaning vigorously. Perhaps the jokes of the vinous man were too much for their nerves. However, they did nothing worse than groan, all swearing being presumably prohibited in a play conducted on strictly proper principles. I wandered round from the O.P. to the prompt side, to admire the setting of the scenery, the evident stage discipline, and the rare beauty of Miss Jeffries. In odd corners I was pleased to see some of Nero's soldiers speaking quite amiably to certain of the Christians they were persecuting in sight of the audience. I read notices innumerable, enjoining complete silence, and returned to my point of observation in time for the finale of the first act. It came about in this way. A certain Roman spy denounced Mercia and her brother as Christians. A wicked Patrician, whose every expression was more villainous than the last, was about to wreak his vengeance upon them; but, as this proceeding would have made the rest of the play superfluous, Wilson Barrett obligingly rushed to the rescue; there was a glimmer of

bright steel, some high words that stopped short of profanity, several attitudes, and a curtain. I seemed to have seen something like it in other melodramas. For the benefit of those who may think the wicked Patrician as bad as he looked, I am pleased to record that his stern features relaxed directly the curtain fell, and he walked off talking pleasantly to Mercia and Superbus.

Proceedings now took a very gloomy turn. In front of the curtain the orchestra discussed lugubrious music. A front cloth suggesting the melodramatic garret was lowered, a table was placed behind it, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, some glasses, and a bottle. I was pleased to note the arrival of a landscape and several palms at the back of the stage, for they gave promise of a pretty view. I also recognised the Roman with the false nose, and rejoiced to think that there would yet be some humorous moments. The curtain soon rose again on the inevitable garret, where two old gentlemen, with Christian proclivities and beards sadly in need of the attention of a reliable barber, discussed matters generally. In common with all the Christians in the piece, these old gentlemen spoke with the peculiar intonation aptly termed a tear in the voice. From what I heard them say they were in a bad way, but I fear they exaggerated the evil of their condition. The white-bearded one said that Nero had covered several of his friends with tar and used them to light the City on dark nights. Now this mode of economical illumination may be a fact, and has an interest from the point of view of political economy; but when the aged one said that the living lamps departed this life singing psalms, I felt that Ananias had found a dangerous rival. And again, though it goes to my heart to tell stories about so charming a lady as Mercia, I am bound to say she deceived her old father. This was wrong, for, if the patriarch did have too vivid an imagination, his daughter should have treated him better. I was standing on the prompt side, and saw Mercia stand outside the garret door and listen to the palaver of the ancients. When she had heard all she wanted to know, she called out suddenly in a very frightened tone, and alarmed the veterans very much. They let her in, and she declared that a man had followed her and that she had been compelled to run for her life. Now I have stated the facts, and I fear Mercia's reputation for veracity must suffer, unless she is a victim to hysteria and delusions. I feel bound to warn Miss Jeffries, for, if she behaves like this every evening, what a load of sin she will carry back to America with her at the end of the run! I can't help hoping she is not going to leave us. The London stage cannot spare such exquisite beauty. The last two sentences are in parenthesis.

Shortly after the last incident referred to came the torture of Stephanus. I saw one or two of the Roman ladies standing in the wings put their fingers in their ears to deaden the sound of the shrieks.



CHRISTIANITY v. PAGANISM.

and I do not wonder at it; they made my blood run cold. I thought of the accusation of taking their pleasures sadly, so often levelled against English people, and it never seemed more fully justified. How men and women in front could endure such sounds is difficult to understand. Not even Sarah Bernhardt has been able to reconcile me to them. After the ghastly torture business it was a relief to find the landscape

before mentioned called into requisition. The Christians had a lovely hymn to sing and a lovely woman (Mercia) to look at. Mr. Superbus Barrett looked on unseen from a concealed corner, where he could see Mercia well. He seemed powerfully impressed, both by hymn and her. Unfortunately, the bad Patrician was not having any, so he appeared on the prompt side with some soldiers and surrounded the company. Swords were drawn, and a Roman edition of Armenian atrocities commenced. The Christians were cut down or stabbed to the heart, they tumbled down dead in crowds, but they sang their hymn to the end of the verse as they lay dead on the ground. Why the programme did not call attention to this miracle I can't make out. It was a lesson to me that religious fervour will not be controlled by such a trifles as death. Had there been an extra verse, I am convinced every corpse present would have gone through it bravely.

During the *entr'acte* I came across two shocking anachronisms. One took the form of a Roman soldier reading a comic paper, and the other of an equally Italian girl talking about a latter-day pianist. It was a trying time for a nervous man. Half-a-dozen soldiers, armed with sword and shield, stood in a corner resting from their exertions in the forest. I noticed that they looked at me incessantly, and I began to fear that I should be charged with committing Christianity and butchered accordingly. So I kept close to the side of Mr. Cathcart, and to his undying credit, be it said, he saw me safely through. By the time I had strolled round again, the curtain rose, a habit the curtain has acquired. This time there was a wining party on, and Barrett Superbus had been having some. Finally the debauch—though to me it seemed particularly mild—was too much for the lovesick Prefect, so he came right away, and left it to the humorist with the fantastic nose and some nice girls, to whom I was never introduced. Alas for my belief in human nature! W. B. wasn't going to sign the pledge; he simply wanted to flirt with Mercia, and, *entre nous*, I don't blame him. However, some of the others came along and said nasty things, and called the rest, and they had a mild stage orgie *in coram populo*. But while they were dancing and singing and pelting one another with rose-leaves, the chorus-master, who stood in the wings, thought perhaps that they would forget some of the proprieties when the revel had lasted long enough. So he raised his wand, and

the Christians, who were locked up somewhere out of sight, began to sing, and the effect upon the bold, bad Romans was immense, for they didn't like hymns. It was like the *Vorspiel* in "Parsifal" played to an East-End Harmonic Club. However, things progressed until some of them took Terpsichore to task so severely that Barrett Superbus gave his entire company the order of the push. But Mercia stayed, and the Roman in Mr. Superbus was rapidly getting the mastery, when there was a rich streak of lightning, some thunder to match, and a fine spray of limelight that settled all over Mercia, herein showing discretion. It was the sign of the cross elements this time. Another curtain came to the rescue, after which I am bound in justice to mention that Mr. Superbus did not worry Miss Mercia any more, and, on her side, she did not abuse and defy him after the curtain fell.

I can't help thinking that the last was the best act. Of course, the effective colours were laid on with a trowel when a camel-hair brush would have been sufficient; but there was much that seemed genuinely effective even seen from the wings. The meeting between Nero and Superbus was so well done that I stood close to a half-flat, and unconsciously joined in the applause that came from the front. Nero's

small order for chariot races and two hundred Christians as the provision for a half-holiday seemed so effectively given that I felt the genuine shiver of apprehension. And then the actresses roused themselves for their best effort, and altogether there was a really dramatic moment, to which Messrs. Wilson Barrett, McLeay, and Hudson, and Mesdames Jeffries, Riccardo, and Warner contributed. If I had been there for purely critical purposes, I should devote a long eulogistic paragraph to Mr. Franklin McLeay, whose acting impressed me very much; as I was not, I offer him my sincere congratulations, and hereby promise to do him a good turn if ever I get the chance.

The final scene brought vividly to my mind the surroundings of a Spanish bull-fight. It depicted a building connected with the arena. Down came the wicked Patrician to the place where the Christians stood. He seemed to be in a bad temper because the martyrs reserved for the

lions and tigers were so aggressively thin. He did not like the idea of good animals getting indigestion, which shows he had a kind heart. However, he arranged them as best he could, and then the trumpets sounded. Those trumpets set every nerve in motion. Only those who know the modern Plaza de Toros can feel the sensation of suspense awakened by the sound. The gates were forced back; beyond them a fierce light beat upon a small section of the arena. The Christians marched boldly to their doom; their entrance was greeted with a howl; the doors were closed; even on the stage, where the working of everything stood revealed, the effect was splendid. I tried in vain to find the light side of the picture, but there was not one. Much of the preceding action—at all events, as seen from the stage—was theatrical and cheap, unworthy alike of a London theatre or an intelligent audience. This was far different. I went round to the top of the stage, and found certain members of the orchestra supplying the musical signals with an unconcern bred of familiarity. Then Stephanus came to the edge of the arena, and ran back screaming. This action was quite dramatic in its simplicity. Indeed, during the past few moments something of the grandeur of the theme discussed by the play stood revealed from its tawdry covering. If the working-out had appeared tedious, and, at times, in dubious taste, the climax atoned for all. Even now, some weeks after my visit, I can recall the one scene, although the memory of the rest has passed away.

But my normal philosophical condition came back to me, and found me in a quandary. It was past eleven o'clock, I had bidden certain friends to supper, and here I was, in a state of complete dejection. I could not possibly stay any longer in such an environment and meet my friends in pleasant mood. So I departed, and came into the land of Shaftesbury Avenue, and passed into the pleasant Square of Leicester, wherein was a house labelled Empire. And I went in, and came upon a promenade called "lounge," where were many men and women seemingly happy. Moreover, on the stage divers hours performed delightfully, and in the seat of the conductor one Ernest Ford did direct dainty melody, so that the Spirit of Melancholy did depart from me. And there came wise men and foolish, several of whom invited me to take nourishment, and told me the latest stories from a world wherein people amuse themselves, and fiction, if it be funny, is esteemed as highly as fact. Some few minutes amply sufficed me, after which I found a cheerful frame of mind, and went away in it. But, had I gone direct to my friends from the Lyric, I fear I should have counselled them to give up supper, and to devote the small hours to singing psalms.

And they are not that sort of friends.

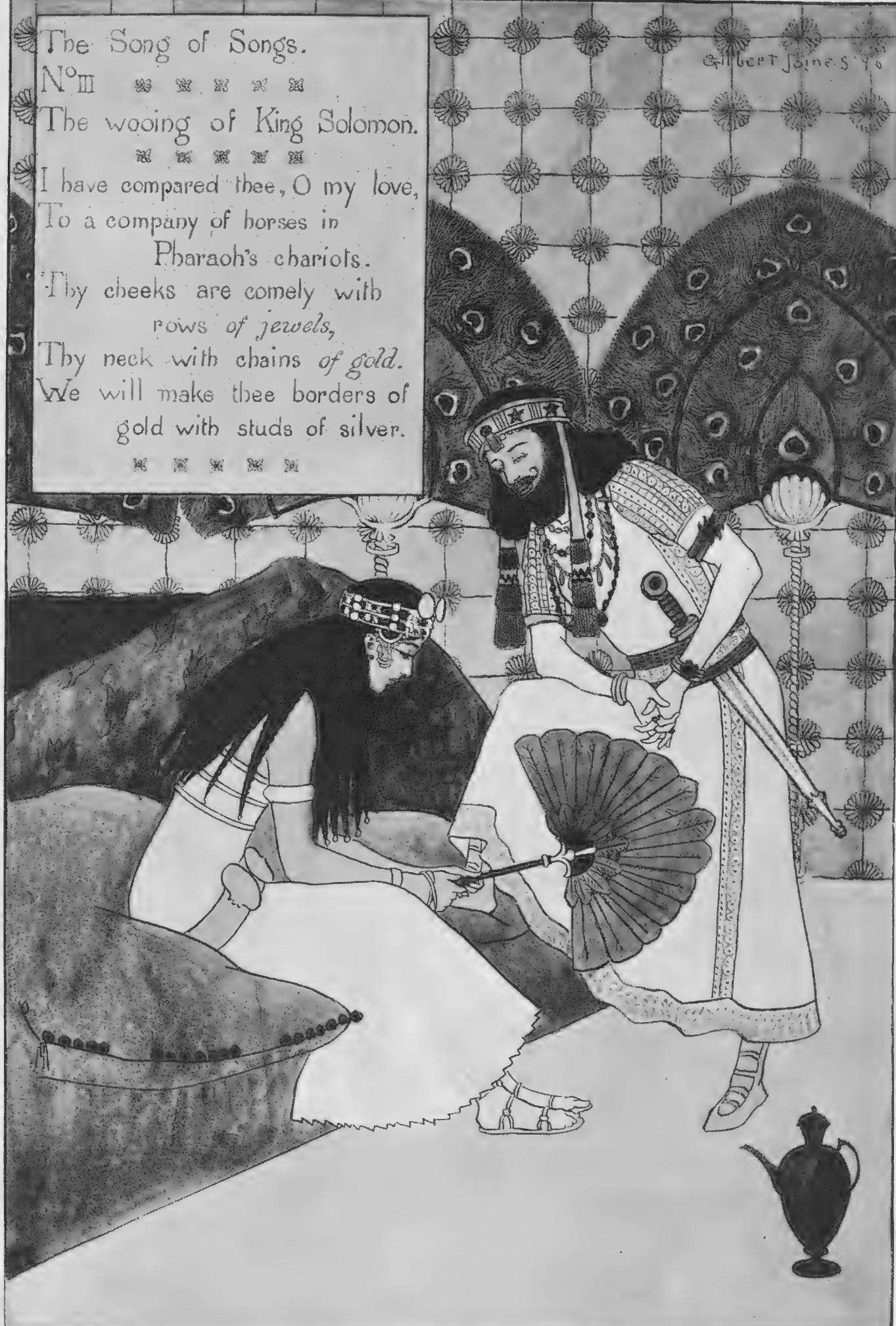
S. L. B.



MRS. NERO AND MR. SUPERBUS QUARRELLING.

The Song of Songs.
Nº III * * * *
The wooing of King Solomon.
* * * *
I have compared thee, O my love,
To a company of horses in
Pharaoh's chariots.
Thy cheeks are comely with
rows of jewels,
Thy neck with chains of gold.
We will make thee borders of
gold with studs of silver.
* * * *

Gilbert Jones '96



THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Mr. George Henry Turner would seem to have pursued the middle course, and, indeed, as an instance of what quiet determination and patient industry may attain, he might, with peculiar

appropriateness, have been included in Mr. Smiles' familiar book on "Self-Help." A brief account of the career of this now prominent railway administrator cannot fail to prove instructive reading, especially to the youth of the country, showing, as it does, what is possible of realisation by ambitious boys whose lines may not be cast in the pleasantest of places.

Deprived, when only four years of age, of the love and care of his mother, and subjected thenceforth to the tender mercies of a stepmother, young George Turner early learned to face trouble with a staunch heart. He submitted to the inevitable with a good grace, and, instead of repining at his hard lot, centred all his energies upon his

scanty schooling. "Early to bed and early to rise" was a maxim rigorously regarded in his case. While only a very young lad, he was often called up to help in his father's bakehouse at five o'clock in the morning, and kept hard at work till school-time. Partly owing to a serious illness, he had to abandon his educational pursuits when about eleven years old, and thereafter commenced office duties in connection with the agency of Messrs. Pickford and Co., the great railway carting agents, in Bridgewater, of which town Mr. Turner is a native. In marked contrast to the present happy lot of youths in offices, he had to be at business not later than seven a.m. One of his first duties was to light the fire. Kept fully occupied all through the day, he was not liberated until 9.30 at night. His last duty was to take the letters to the post. The remuneration he received for all this was the magnificent sum of half-a-crown a-week. After four years' experience of railways and railway work, he left Messrs. Pickford and Co.'s employ to work at the Bridgewater Station of the old Bristol and Exeter Railway, now amalgamated with the Great Western Railway. At the end of a further four years he sought a situation with the Midland Railway Company, and in 1853 commenced in their service at Bristol at a pound a-week.

From the City by the Severn Sea, Mr. Turner, in 1859, was promoted to Birmingham as chief clerk in the Goods Department. While stationed in the Metropolis of the Midlands, he discharged the duties of his position in a manner that did him the highest credit, and won for him the confidence and respect of his superiors. His energy and resource, and cheerful disregard for difficulties, were eventually rewarded by his being selected, in 1875, to occupy the important position of Goods Agent at Nottingham. Here Mr. Turner speedily made himself popular, and consolidated the standing of the Midland Company in that pretty and prosperous town. In business matters and social functions he was equally at home, and the respect he earned while resident in the Lace Capital found vent at a later period of his career in a public banquet held in his honour. It was presided over by the Mayor, and was attended by the borough members, the principal business men of the town, Mr. George Ernest Paget, Chairman of the Midland Railway; Colonel Starkey, one of the Directors of the Company; *cum multis aliis*. Mr. Turner's successful conduct of the Company's affairs at Nottingham resulted, three years later, in his becoming Chief Canvasser on the staff of the Goods Manager. In this capacity he was known throughout the country as one of the keenest of traffic-winners, and was instrumental in wonderfully increasing the volume of business on his line. In the year 1885 the Goods Management of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway fell vacant, and out of numerous applicants Mr. Turner was unanimously appointed to that responsible post. The choice of the Directors was a wise one, for the Scottish line named works in concert with the Midland, forming, in fact, that Company's connecting-link with the West of Scotland, the North British Railway acting similarly for Scotland East. Mr. Turner quickly assimilated himself to his altered circumstances and surroundings, and it was with real regret that his Scottish friends heard, two years

afterwards—that is, in March 1887—that he had been recalled by the Directorate of the Midland Company to assume the post of Goods Manager of their system, which had been rendered vacant by the retirement from active service of Mr. William Lister Newcombe, once a well-known personality in the railway world. As the head of the Goods Department of this great corporation, Mr. Turner manifested such sound judgment and administrative capacity that the revenues on goods traffic rose to a point never before attained in the history of that railway. This successful administration secured him still higher honours, for in April 1891 he was appointed Assistant General Manager, with an entirely independent position. The health of the General Manager had for some time previously been feeble, and, moreover, a considerable addition of work had fallen on the department, consequent upon the vexatious legislation as to Railway Rates and Charges brought about by the Act of 1888. Mr. Turner was, therefore, called in to strengthen the General Manager's hands, and, on his advent, undertook many of that gentleman's duties and much of his responsibility—in fact, he practically assumed the reins of government. A year later the General Manager retired, and on May 20, 1892, the Directors appointed Mr. Turner to succeed to the vacated position, thus awarding him perhaps the highest prize the railway service has to offer—a service that is little, if anything, behind the Governmental, and a position that is practically equal to Cabinet rank. The vastness of the responsibility, and the magnitude and complex nature of the work pertaining to the General Managership of a company like the Midland at the present day, with an authorised capital of £103,000,000, annual working-expenses of upwards of £5,000,000, and a working staff of close upon 60,000, cannot be done adequate justice to in a brief biographical sketch. One of the improvements inaugurated by Mr. Turner has been the introduction of third-class dining-cars, which now run between London and Scotland. In this time- and space-annihilating age this innovation is a boon only fully realised by those who call to mind the inconvenience and discomfort of long-distance travelling in the past. Other improvements might be indicated which owe their existence to Mr. Turner; but enough has been said to show that he will not be slow "to take occasion by the hand" whenever it may present itself, and to make the fame of the Midland "broader still." Indeed, his friends are confident that he will leave an indelible mark on the history of that reforming and progressive company of which he is the working head.

In concluding these personal particulars, it may be mentioned that Mr. Turner, who resides at Littleover House, Derby, which is in telephonic communication with his office, is a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Derby, and a Lieut.-Colonel of the Headquarters Staff Corps of the Railway Engineers. He is also a member of the Junior Carlton, St. Stephen's, and Whitehall Clubs, and the Derby Town and Derby Conservative Clubs.



MR. G. H. TURNER.
Photo by White, Derby.



ARIEL.
Photo by Frederick Downe, Watford.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Is there any finality in cricket scoring? That is what I want to know. It is, alas! what everyone wants, at this particular moment, to know. Given fine weather—which means batsmen's wickets—is there any reason why Yorkshire or Surrey should not score, say, 9000 runs instead of about 900?

Or, to narrow the issue, is there any reason why batsmen like Abel or Peel or Hayward should not score 2000 as easily as 200? There are, of course, the exigencies of time, but, putting that aside, there seems no

palpable, overpowering reason why a great batsman should ever get out. No doubt, it is eleven men against one; but, on a perfect wicket, the batsman appears more and more master of the situation. And this leads me to ask whether groundsmen should go on improving the pitch—improving it, that is to say, for the delight and delectation of the batsman, to the dismay of the unhappy bowler. Is the poor trundler, then, not to be considered? Is nothing to be done for him? Is the batsman to be our only court and care? Do fieldsmen not count? Are we to fall down and worship only the man who makes runs?

I have had these considerations forced upon me since the beginning of the present season, when I watched Peel make his 210, not out, against Warwickshire, since I saw Abel score three centuries in

succession, culminating in a glorious 231 against Essex, since I gazed with amazement on Hayward keeping his wicket intact while he laboured the Derbyshire bowling for 229, not out. Now these phenomenal performances are all very fine and large, so far as the batsmen are concerned, but again I say, is the game made for the batsmen alone?

It is impossible to keep pace with century scores this season, and so I may give them in tabulated form week by week. They will show our cricketing friends in Australia, who, by the way, George Giffen tells me, all read *The Sketch*, that in cricket the "Old Country" is not yet played out. Here are a few to go on with—

Abel, Surrey v. Essex, c and b Mead	231
Hayward, Surrey v. Derbyshire, not out	229
C. W. Wright, A. J. Webbe's Eleven v. Cambridge, 1-b-w, b Shine	114
L. C. H. Palairret, Somersetshire v. Yorkshire, c Wainwright, b Milligan	113
Moorhouse, Yorkshire v. Somersetshire, c and b Tyler	113
Sugg (F.), Lancashire v. Sussex, c Murdoch b Braun	110

When Abel scored his three century innings in succession some hasty people called it a record. This is not so, but it has only been accomplished by three men in first-class cricket, although Captain Wynyard is also credited with a similar performance in the days when Hampshire was not considered a first-class county.

Here are the first-class hundreds recorded in successive innings—

	1876.	
Dr. Grace...	M.C.C. v. Kent ...	344
Dr. Grace...	Gloucester v. Notts ...	177
Dr. Grace ..	Gloucester v. Yorks (not out)...	318
	1895.	
A. C. MacLaren	Lancashire v. Notts ...	125
A. C. MacLaren	Lancashire v. Middlesex ...	108
A. C. MacLaren	Lancashire v. Leicestershire ...	135
	1896.	
Abel ...	Surrey v. Warwickshire ...	138
Abel ...	Surrey v. Leicestershire ...	152
Abel ...	Surrey v. Essex ...	231

The Hampshire amateur's scores were—

Captain Wynyard ...	Hampshire v. Sussex ...	117
Captain Wynyard ...	Hampshire v. Leicestershire ...	116
Captain Wynyard ...	Hampshire v. Essex ...	108

So far, the Australians have done well, and it would appear that their bowling is not so weak, after all, else, what are we to make of the defeat of the England team at the Crystal Palace? The Colonials are just getting into form, and I am glad of it. A weak side would be of no use to us. Here are the fixtures for next (*Sketch*) week—

May 28.—At Leeds, Yorkshire v. Kent.
At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Warwickshire.
At Manchester, Lancashire v. Australians.
At Oxford, Oxford University v. Surrey.
At Brighton, Sussex v. Somerset.
June 1.—At Oval, Surrey v. Somerset.
At Oxford, Oxford University v. Australians.
At Nottingham, Notts v. Yorkshire.
At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Kent.

To-morrow we make a brisk resumption with the County Championship. At Leeds, Yorkshire, who seem to be simply crammed with runs this season, take on Kent. Kent is not the county it used to be, and though they have limitless resources in amateur batting talent, they never seem to do anything great. At Leicester the shire will be visited

by Warwickshire, who have had some rough times of it this season, though, when the magnitude of the scores made against them is borne in mind, it should not be forgotten that the counties they have met are Surrey twice and Yorkshire. If they cannot beat Leicestershire, then they cannot beat anything.

Sussex will be visited by Somerset, a match usually productive of plenty of runs. Then, on Monday next, Surrey open the new month by receiving a visit from Somerset. A strange county is Somerset. On paper they seem enormously strong in batting; but, though Tyler somehow or other takes a lot of wickets, the bowling is, I am afraid, dreadfully weak. At Nottingham, Yorkshire will look Notts up. It would, of course, be the height of folly to predict anything but a win for the Tykes. Meanwhile, Kent go on to Birmingham, where they will play Warwickshire. If the wicket be a good one, and in dry weather this may be guaranteed, then anything may happen, for both counties are ragged in bowling.

These are not the only first-class matches on the card. Of course, the Australians will be engaged. I don't think they have a single blank date the whole season through. To-morrow should see them fairly highly tried, for they are due at Old Trafford, to play Lancashire. Up to the present, the Australians seem to have no difficulty whatsoever in playing Mold's fast ones. I am sorry to hear that this professional is not in the best of health; at any rate, he is not bowling nearly so fast as usual. On Monday the Australians play Oxford University, and here their bowlers will have something to do, for University batsmen, especially early in the season, are awfully difficult to get out. At the same time, the Colonials may easily run up a huge score. Both 'Varsities seem strong in batting, but, to my mind, the Light Blues are very much the superior, particularly in the bowling department.

Mr. W. Ansell, whose portrait is given, is the secretary of the Warwickshire County Club. It is due as much to his energy as to anything else that the club received promotion last year to the rank of

OLYMPIAN.



MR. ANSELL.

Photo by Whittlock, Birmingham.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

As the Derby Day approaches it is more than ever evident that the race will be a tame one. Many of the probable runners are far from fit, owing to the state of the gallops, and I am sorry to hear that Persimmon, who will carry the royal colours, is not a good horse. He has, seemingly, deteriorated sadly since his two-year-old days, although it should be noted that he beat nothing of top class last year. Regret will do better later on, and Knight of the Thistle wants time, so does Bucephalus. Teufel is the likeliest outsider to trouble St. Frusquin, and it is something in the former's favour that the going at Illesley has been good throughout the spring. Bradwardine may, too, run into a place.

According to the lists already published, the majority of the show places round Ascot have been taken for the Race Week, which, despite the absence of the royal procession, will this year be a big function. The journey can daily be done so easily and comfortably from London that it is no wonder many of the young Bohemians do not neglect their club rounds even in Ascot Week. The Court milliners are already preparing new gowns for the ladies of society who will be present, and the poor sempstresses will soon have to be working overtime once more.

I have received numerous complaints of daylight robberies at several race-meetings of late. Of course, the ring-keepers can hardly be expected to act as detectives as well, but I do think the custodians of our racecourse rings should be sufficiently acquainted with the snatchers, welshers, and thieves to refuse them admission. The time has arrived when the Jockey Club should do what has been suggested by sporting writers for years—namely, appoint their own police, to see that the rings are freed of "wrong 'uns." Unless this plan is soon adopted, many respectable citizens who now follow the meetings will stay at home and do their business at the clubs.

Many of the starts for the five-furlong races have been very unsatisfactory of late, and I really think the starting-machine ought, at least, to be given a fair trial in this country. As things are at present, the same jockeys get off first nearly every time; and, when the horses they ride are good enough, they make all the running and win easily, to the discomfiture of the backers and to students of the book generally. It is, I think, almost an exploded theory to suggest that the heavyweights in handicaps should be waited with. Presuming the handicap to be a good one, then it is only just to suppose that all the horses will run a dead heat; but, to do this, or anywhere near it, they should all go at the same pace from start to finish.

Much credit is due to the several railway companies for the specials they put on to far-off meetings like Manchester and Liverpool; but I must have a little grumble over one small matter. Handy specials are advertised to return to London after the races, but it is well-nigh impossible to get a seat in them, as, on arriving at the station, one finds nearly all the first-class carriages and saloon carriages labelled "Reserved." Now, I think, in a case of this sort the companies should adopt the plan of the "greatest good to the greatest number." By doing so they would, at any rate, be keeping faith with that portion of the public who read their advertisements.

PARROTS.

Parrot-lore, an ever-fascinating subject, has just been enriched with a new story. It seems there was a writer, parrot-possessing, who was hard up for a word "in the dusk of a winter's evening." To him came a "distinct whisper" from the corner of the room. "Well, then, say damn!" How that eminent writer scolded him, beat him with a quill pen, told him how wicked it was to swear, and wound up with, "Let me never hear it again," has been told recently. Also how the writer's facetious friend tried to wean the virtuous bird from his new devotion to the "well of English pure and undefiled," and how the parrot refused, with Quaker-like sternness, to swear at all, and probably "affirmed." This is also anecdotal history. This sets my thoughts rolling on parrot yarns, most of which, I regret to say, are so redolent of the smoking-room as to be inadmissible here. I had occasion to comment almost a decade ago on a case tried before Mr. Marsham—the parrot would have, no doubt, irreverently dubbed him a "Beak"—at the Woolwich Police Court. The bird belonged to one Harris, and lived a simple, childlike life until one fine day, or rather, on "an evening calm and cool," it bounded out of its cage, and roamed at will until caught by one Mackeroy, who took it home, kept it for seven months, and enlarged its vocabulary and diction. Mrs. Harris heard tidings of her truant fowl, claimed it, got it, and then made bitter complaint that the bird of quondam delicate discourse had picked up a style she did not approve of. I remember it was proved that, whereas in old days it would say "Toby" *tout court*, it now dropped into poetry and recited with vivid animation this unique stanza—

Oh dear, doctor, Polly is sick;
Run for the doctor, quick, quick!
D— the doctor, he's away,
Why the devil didn't he stay?

The bird was restored, and the Magistrate observed that the defendant "appeared to have taught it a lot of things that would have been better left alone."

Now, why do the large family of Psittacidae, of the order Scansores, or Climbers, "swear at large"? We know of them that they are long-lived, often recording a century of existence; that they love tricks, can be mischievous and affectionate, merry and snappy; that they make fun of dogs and cab-drivers, and swear with the Rabelaisian gusto of "our army in Flanders." They never utter a moral maxim, but they can scold and swear with the highly ornate profuseness of the fo'castle and the brilliant personal blasphemy of the bold, bad mariner who annexed "Polly" from her simple forest home. In vigorous *vivid voce* they have no equals.

Was it not a parrot who was brought into Court before the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, and who, looking on his lordship with that sidelong glance of wisdom peculiar to the tribe, observed that in his (the parrot's) opinion the head of the Judicial Bench was no more or less than "a hoary-headed old impostor"? So, at all events, "the Chief" used to tell the tale. It is impossible to believe that their delightful apropos remarks are altogether fortuitous and accidental. When a parrot says "Scratch poll," and bends its grey, dusty neck for caress, or observes that "Cocky wants some sugar," it gets, in form of attentive forefinger or "a little bit of sugar for the bird" (as the song hath it), just what it wants. Does it reason? Surely, if we are to trust the wisdom and experiments and observations of the late Professor Romanes. That mighty Darwinian argued that animals *do* reason, and that only the lack of speech prevented them putting their views into syllogistic form.

Well, the parrot has power of speech, and gets what it wants. It is, however, more with its apparent sense of humour that I would deal. Here is a yarn vouched for and always artistically told by Mr. Lionel Brough. I give it literatim as I heard it. The parrot-heroin had been brought up in a public-house bar where business was brisk, and she picked up the flotsam and jetsam of the conversation. The poor bird escaped, and the sorrowing publican went forth in anxious quest of his lost pet. In a field close by he discovered a flock of angry, cawing crows, rising and falling over some dancing object. Creeping up by the hedge, he discovered his beloved bird hopping about, and trying to ward off the attacks of her irate enemies (our home birds invariably resent the advent of a foreigner), and in her terror this poor Poll kept ejaculating, "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please! One at a time! I'll attend to you in a moment, sir! Coming, sir! Less noise there, please! One at a time, gentlemen, and I'll serve you all." That Polly was rescued and, though featherless, restored to civilisation is a matter, according to Mr. Brough, of history.

The competitive examination held at a North of England show, not only for size, "points," and plumage, but for the best apropos remark, is good enough to merit repetition. The test was that each bird's cage should be uncovered and the bird watched until it said something, that its words should be "taken down by the clerk at the table," and the smartest and most appropriate speech should be awarded the prize. Most of the observations it would be unbecoming to record. Suffice it that the prize was unanimously awarded to an old grey parrot, who looked round, surveyed the scene, and calmly chuckled, "Dear me! what an infernal lot of parrots!" Some historians say "infernal" was not the exact word, "but 'twill serve."

All these and many other stories, be it recorded, we owe to the enterprise of that eminent ancient mariner Onesicritus, who was Admiral of the fleet of Alexander the Great, and who brought back with him from Ceylon the first specimen of a green parrot with a red beak ever seen in Europe—a rose-ringed parakeet.

CARLOS KINGSBURY,

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Canton writes more delightfully of childhood than anybody else. "The Invisible Playmate" and some of the poems in "A Lost Epic" will make his readers open "W. V., Her Book and Various Verses" (Isbister) with certainty of delight. There is no disappointment waiting for them. From the second page, where you read "W. V. sleeps in an eastern room, and, accordingly, the sun rises on that side of the house," you move in a air full of grace, affection, and humour of the most refined and delicate order. In one of the verses he says—

Go, alderliest wean,
And stand against the rising sun; your shadow on the grass
Shall trace the limits of my world; beyond I shall not pass.

Whether that be true of Mr. Canton's ambition or not, what is true of his attainments is that, within such limits, he is really first-rate. An excellent reporter of children's ways and the world they live in, there is not idealisation in his reporting so much as patient accuracy and appreciative attention. "Long ago she told me that the moon was 'put up' by a black man—a saying which puzzled me until I came to understand that this negro divinity could only have been the 'divine Dark' of the old Greek poet." "Thunder and lightning she regards as 'great friends; they always come together.' She is more perceptive of their companionship than of their air of menace towards mankind." There is surely nobody so old that he cannot read with delight this "testimony that there lived at least one man who was joyously content with the small mercies which came to him in the beaten way of nature."

"The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love" is the attractive title of a little volume compiled by Mr. Adam Scott and sent out by Messrs. Macniven and Wallace, of Edinburgh. "Originally intended for a magazine," says the preface, "it outgrew the limits permissible for such publications." This statement explains one's disappointment after reading Mr. Scott's account of the matter. Anyone who has read Lockhart's biography, and Scott's journals, or who, even at secondhand, knows in a vague, general way the contents of these, has very little to learn from this compilation, which is only a very lengthy version of the well-known facts that Sir Walter Scott loved ardently in his youth Miss. Williamina Stuart, who afterwards became Lady Forbes of Pitsligo, and that his later courtship and marriage were altogether more prosaic affairs. It is possibly quite enough to know that; but, since a book is devoted to the subject, one expects to learn a little about the lady, her personality, and her history, something of the nearer story of the poet's romance. But most of this bookmaker's industry has gone to stating what we already knew very lengthily, and to gathering out of Scott's writings all the lines which breathe of disappointment and speak of the tangled course of true love. The name that Scott "carved in Runic characters on the turf beside the Castle gate" at St. Andrews is a name still. No great harm in that perhaps; for, after all, the Lauras and the Beatrices that have served other poets with more abundant materials than ever Miss. Williamina Stuart did for Scott, are names and nothing more. But that does not excuse this very imperfect re-statement of the dimly beautiful romance of a great man's youth.

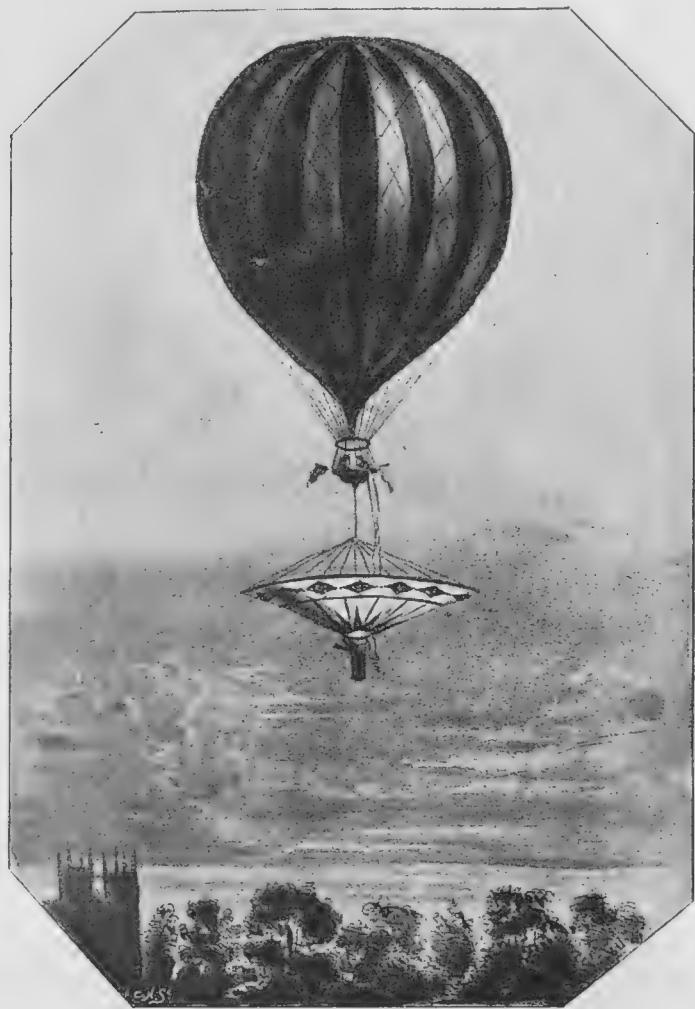
Mr. Unwin has begun his "Little Novel Series" well with Mrs. Pinson's "No Place for Repentance." Mrs. Pinson is a writer that raised expectations by her first book, "Jenny's Case." It is the meagre quantity, not the quality, of her work since then that fault can be found with. This story has many excellences—a first-hand knowledge of country life in the Eastern counties, for instance—good dialect, for such as delight in that, and a habit of telling a good deal in a few words. The story should be widely circulated by the temperance advocates; but I wonder if they will approve of a warning made on so daring a plan? Teachers and reformers are, as a rule, optimists from policy, and they might consider dangerous this tragic example of a worker for the cause of whom it had to be said, "He saved others; himself he could not save."

"Lawn-Tennis as a Game of Skill," by Lieut.-Colonel S. C. F. Peile, B.S.C. (Blackwood), is in its sixth edition. It contains useful hints that the budding tennis-player should bear in mind, and sage advice that ladies ought not to neglect, though, at first, they may sniff at being told home-truths. Among the faults to be avoided is the fault of making excuses. "Never apologise by saying you 'thought the ball was not going to come over the net'; it is your duty not to think, but to place yourself in such a position that, if the ball does come over, you can take it." The author recommends a heavy bat, "say, from 12 oz. to 13 oz. for a lady, and from 13½ oz. to 15 oz. for a man." He thinks that the volleying game should be played by men, but by men only. Lady players should avoid long dresses, because "the long dress will spoil your play, and the play will spoil your long dress." The little book is both interesting and instructive.

As the "Form at a Glance" is to the racing man, so is "Andrew Thomson's Yachting Guide and Tide Tables" to the yachting man. It is produced by the Thames Yacht Agency, 50, Pall Mall, and is in its sixteenth year of publication. Admiralty warrants are explained, a list of recognised yacht clubs is given, and the qualifications required for masters of yachts are enumerated. Then follow rules for registration of yachts, and regulations for preventing collisions at sea, also tables of distances between British ports and foreign ports respectively. Among the mass of condensed useful information we find the rules of the Yacht-Racing Association, and lists of winners of important cups.

SENSATIONAL BALLOONING.

Sensational ballooning is not merely a fad of to-day. Paris was seized with it violently in the year 1850, and the fever has since cut off some adventurous spirits. Many of the present generation never heard, perhaps, of Lieutenant Gale, the well-known English aéronaut, or of M. Poitevin, his famous French rival, each of whom came to an untimely end in the pursuit of his dangerous profession. Poitevin astonished the world with some of the most surprising, if not foolhardy, ascents ever



ASCENT OF THE NASSAU BALLOON FROM VAUXHALL.

known in the history of aérostation. Being a resident of Paris at the time, I was an eye-witness of each. The earlier ones took place at the old Hippodrome, which was situated just outside the Barrière de l'Étoile, near the Arc de Triomphe, and the subsequent ones from the Champs de Mars. From the Hippodrome, Poitevin first ascended on a jackass, in jockey costume, then on an ostrich, habited as an Arab. The ostrich was encased in a sort of leather network harness, provided with stirrups; but, owing to his head being at liberty, he became so very fractious as the balloon rose from the ground that everybody expected to see him "unship his jockey." M. Poitevin, however, managed to retain his seat by the aid of stirrups until he had risen a considerable height, when he ascended a rope-ladder attached to the car of the balloon, and, waving his berouse, was soon lost to sight. Compared with the denizen of the desert, the "Jerusalem pony" on which M. Poitevin made his ascent was, in hunting parlance, a "very safe conveyance," as the poor beast was utterly helpless and unable to stir when once off *terra-firma*. In addition to saddle and bridle, his "trappings" consisted of a canvas hammock, which extended the whole length of his body, and, as the balloon slowly rose, the effect was most extraordinary. The donkey's legs hung motionless, and for the moment it seemed as if his body would be dragged clean out of him. None of the many animals associated with the ascents ever met with an accident in descending. Poitevin next ascended on a grey pony from the Champ de Mars, and afterwards in a horse and gig. Then he and his wife went for an aerial drive together in a mail-phæton and pair, and the sensational series terminated with the ascent of Madame Poitevin, as Europa, on a bull, on which occasion her husband occupied the car of the balloon, to which she eventually scrambled up the rope-ladder! Each ascent was witnessed by enormous crowds, and on one occasion—the carriage and pair, I think it was—Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, was present.

If Lieutenant Gale's ascents partook less of the sensational, they were none the less foolhardy. Attached to the car of his balloon was a rope-ladder, fifty yards long, down which he descended, and fired off bombs, Bengal lights, and other fireworks. The effect, as seen from below in the summer twilight, was surprisingly beautiful; and on one occasion it was my fate, if not good fortune, to witness the pyrotechnic display from a much more elevated sphere than I ever bargained for. The

experiment was at first tried with a captive balloon, of the ear of which I was one of the occupants, with the late Sir Robert Clifton (who lived in Paris at the time) and Prince Achille Murat. On attaining the requisite height, Lieutenant Gale, who invariably sported his British Naval uniform, disappeared through a large opening in the centre of the car, and, descending the rope-ladder, discharged his fireworks. The pyrotechnic display created such delightful surprise among the occupants of the crowded Hippodrome that the two men in charge of the windlass let go the crank-handles to join in the general enthusiasm, when to everybody's astonishment, the remainder of the rope uncoiled with frightful rapidity, and, being inadequately secured to the drum of the windlass, our "captive" became a "free agent" in less time than it has taken me to record the occurrence. The curious part of the business was that, instead of the balloon appearing to its unwilling *voyageurs* to mount higher, it seemed to be quite stationary, while the earth sank lower and lower every second! We were quite destitute of refreshment or water, and, for my own part, I was in too great a funk to look over the side to try and discover what had become of Lieutenant Gale. Judge, then, what our mental relief must have been when his cap suddenly made its appearance in the opening of the car, and we welcomed his burly form among us once more!

It was a lovely summer's evening, but soon became cold enough without an overcoat or any stimulant to sustain the warmth of the inward man. Poor Bob Clifton was in wonderful spirits all the journey, and, like myself, was of some little use to Lieutenant Gale in looking after the grapnel; whereas Prince Murat's enormous size necessitated perfect quiet on his part, for fear of overbalancing the car. I recollect clinging, "like grim death," to one of the ropes that attached the car to the hoop above; and luckily I did so, owing to the sudden and dangerous lurch the car gave on the Prince's side when the grapnel fastened in one of the low withy-trees that marked the boundary of the meadow near the railway-station of Verneuil, on the Paris and Rouen line, in which we descended. The course of the balloon had been followed for some distance by a lot of peasants, who, with the railway officials, lent us every assistance to secure a safe and easy descent, which was fortunately accomplished. "Never again!" was my first exclamation on finding myself once more safe on "Mother Earth"; and that



THE FATAL DESCENT.

resolution I have solemnly kept. We were fortunate in landing at no great distance from a little *cabaret* where I happened to be well known, from having wound-up many a fishing excursion there with a feast of the exquisite gudgeon and other delicate spoils of a netting excursion down the Seine from St. Germain. If our supper did not quite rival the famous *cuisine* of the *Henri Quatre*, excessive hunger made it none the less enjoyable, and we returned by the last train to Paris under far more cheery and agreeable auspices than we quitted the gay capital.

W. H. L.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

F. G. Cormack is one of the smartest cyclists in South Africa. Lately he made a tour from Queenstown to the Rand, covering in all 1300 miles. Owing to the bad state of many of the roads he was often able to travel barely fifty miles a-day. He rode a Raleigh Road Racer with wooden rims, and states that it bore the work "splendidly, magnificently." Since making this tour he has lowered the Cape records for the quarter-mile, by covering the distance, on the Wanderers' gravel track at Johannesburg, in 26½ sec. with a flying start, and in 31½ sec. with a standing start.

The Boys' Bicycle Cleaning Brigade is not "another newspaper bogus," as at first stated. Such an institution really is being organised in London, and not before it is needed. Each boy is to have a "beat." He will look after your bicycle "while you wait," and clean it if necessary. It is also said that stabling for several hundred cycles will shortly be provided near the Bank.

Among the many advantages gained by members of the Cyclists' Touring Club are that they obtain reduced rates when on tour, free admission for their machines to Continental ports, and accurate and trustworthy information concerning all matters cycling or appertaining thereto. There are now over

twenty-one thousand members. The annual subscription is 3s. 6d., the entrance-fee 1s. Mr. E. R. Shipton is the secretary; his address, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster.

It is stated that Miss Lillian Russell, the prima-donna, has been presented by an American cycle-manufacturer with a golden bicycle, worth £280.

According to the *Lady Cyclist*, a pleasantly written, well-printed penny weekly that has lately appeared, "cycling is sometimes a most effectual cure for headache, but it must be cycling of the pottering kind. Many people get headaches from too little exercise, or from indigestion. These can often be driven away by gently riding a few miles.

A tyre with no inner tube is about to be placed upon the market. The cover, in connection with a flap of pure rubber, forms an air-tight reservoir. In order to mend punctures it is necessary merely to patch the inside of the cover.

Miss Mary Denison's accident should serve as a warning to cyclists fond of riding along tram-lines. Her tyre became jammed in the groove, and she turned a complete somersault. When picked up she was insensible.

A. A. Chase deserved the ovation that he received when, at Wood Green, he beat the fifty-miles' record of 1 hour 48 min. 30½ sec., established last year by J. Platt-Betts at Catford. Chase came in with nearly three minutes to spare.

A cycling-master told me lately that women often learn to ride quicker than men. One of his pupils, quite a young man, too, did not get his balance under three months, though he practised regularly for two hours a-day. Let us hope that this pupil's mind was better balanced than his body.

Cyclists who ride among traffic should bear in mind the following points. Never ride close behind any vehicle and slacken speed suddenly. A hansom can turn in its own length, and, naturally, turns to the right; therefore, when overtaking a hansom, pass to the right—that is, leave it on your left—as that is the rule of the road, but give it as wide a berth as possible. Always attend to the rules of the road when possible; don't ride fast; use the bell as seldom as possible, and never ring it louder than necessary—there is nothing funny in making old or nervous persons "jump out of their skins." Aggressive use of the bell denotes the cad. Practice mounting and dismounting on both sides.

There is an agitation among cyclists with a view to the improvement of roads and by-roads, and for better accommodation in country villages. It is so difficult to make the villagers themselves move in this direction that a combination among cyclists has been suggested, with a view to bringing pressure to bear upon county and parish councils. But there is one direction in which the villagers could take the initiative, and that is in providing superior stabling for "wheels."

Here and there an enterprising innkeeper has made a move of this kind, and, no doubt, before long we shall find others following the example. A simple arrangement is as follows. From a horizontal beam about a yard from the ground there project, in pairs, a series of short wooden shafts or prongs, just wide enough apart to admit the head of the machine. At the end of each pair of prongs are an iron eyelet and a hinged iron loop respectively. The head of the machine is placed between these prongs, and the iron loop secures it safely, and, if desired, a padlock can be placed, which renders the iron steed absolutely secure.

If a thief wished to carry off the cycle, he would have to carry a large saw, a tool which cannot be used silently. In a stable of this kind, which is quite inexpensive, and easily arranged, a large number of machines can be housed if necessary.

Another suggestion has been made, that railway companies should abolish the charge for carrying cycles. In this way they would reap a fine harvest in fares from those who wish to avoid bumping over bad roads, as it is often a great convenience to riders to train part of the distance in hilly parts of the country or where the roads are exceptionally bad.

It is remarkable that, on the subject of the taxation of cycles, which has of late become a burning question in the country, only four county councils have declared in favour of taxing, while eighteen are still adverse to the proposal. I heartily agree with Lady Colin Campbell, and I strongly recommend all cyclists to welcome taxation, as I, too, believe it will bring far more advantages, that will, no doubt, outbalance the slight inconvenience and expense of a tax. In France there have never been two ideas on the subject, and cyclists have found the benefits; therefore, why should not our countrymen do likewise? It seems to me so very much to their own advantage.

Recently I mentioned having seen a bicycle the mechanism of which can be thrown out of gear, so that on going downhill the rider sits with his feet on motionless pedals. Bicycles of that kind are not uncommon in London now. From this I judge that the original performer has proved a good advertisement. He is still to be seen of an afternoon meandering aimlessly, but picturesque, through Mayfair and Belgravia.

Don't you think that at last the medical profession are quite coming round to the idea that cycling in moderation is a healthy recreation for most ladies?

I strongly recommend my fair readers to glance over Mr. W. H. Fenton's article in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "A Medical View of Cycling for Ladies." It is very clearly written, and shows



MR. F. G. CORMACK.

Photo by Simpson, Johannesburg.



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

how little harm can come from the exercise, and how much good—how anaemia, from which so many girls suffer, is cured by the healthy exercise and fresh air, and how even varicose veins in the legs are often cured.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AS THEY ARE.

To return to town after the mild varieties of twelve days at a military seaside, and find the Park in a tuneful twitter of sparrows, the women gone over in a body to muslin gowns, and the cheerful New York singing in the streets, bestows an exhilaration of spirit which only those steeped to the lips in their London can duly appreciate.

Of course, this is to write oneself large a Goth, a Vandal, a poor moth or butterfly of comfortless convention, as it absolutely is. But what will you? It is habit that is to blame, not its creatures. When the palate is accustomed to *vol-au-vent*, would not a veal cutlet taste tame? or, having consciously enjoyed the triumphs of a Worth gown, would not the pastoral ceremonials of a Healthy and Artistic Dress Union somewhat damp the spirit? Not that I would cast the hundred-and-first pebble at that well-meaning society. Eden forbid! Only, that its aims,

accomplishes, and a suggestion of the probably coming pannier shows in fully gathered revers at the hips. The inevitable and ubiquitous grass cloth displayed its modish charms at Humble's over a pale-green silk shot with amber, liberal trimmings of canvas guipure on the fully made bodice giving that relief which grass cloth absolutely needs so as to be seen at its twine-coloured best. Wrinkled sleeves, with daintily made wrist-frills, at which a hem of the shot green silk appeared, were acceptably in evidence, and the fully gathered skirt was finished with a similarly decorated frill. Something startlingly new in white alpaca was also brought to my notice in this Conduit Street fount of fashion, the bodice being entirely formed of inch-deep tucks, which also appeared from wrist to elbow below the diminishing upper puffs. A satin waistband of pale-green ribbon fell with long ends at back of skirt, on which half-a-dozen tucks were effectively repeated. One might enumerate Humble's artistic triumphs until rivers of ink ran dry without reaching



[Copyright.]

SKETCHED AT MADAME HUMBLE'S.



[Copyright.]

EVANS'S BICYCLING SUIT.

as demonstrated in the living pictures at St. George's Hall, are somewhat inchoate may, perhaps, be allowed. When the pastoral and the practical shall be more fully united, we may, perhaps, be wooed and won to cast the pleasant shackles of Paris and Bond Street from our fancies and figures. Meanwhile, we remain attractive, if unregenerate.

Blazing weather rewarded the wise who waited for Monday's Drawing-Room. It was naturally very crowded, and many were the tired faces to be noticed at subsequent "train" teas. Among the débutantes, an Irish beauty, Miss Hale, made a much-admired appearance. Her gown was of rich white satin, trimmed with lilies and orchids. Her mother, Mrs. Hale, wore black and pink, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Maitland Shaw's dress was white satin petticoat, with bodice of orchid pinky-mauve velvet and tulle. The train, palest-heliotrope brocade, with a design of lilac and foliage, was lined with tender-green silk.

Turning from these efflorescent achievements to things of every day, I am glad to notice that our tried friend of many seasons, the foulard frock, is with us again, and likely, as the days advance, to be more so. Nothing is more useful or becoming in the whole gamut of new materials than the suave, silken foulard, which admits of a style either simple or decorative with equally happy results. Here is one, for example, seen at Madame Humble's, Conduit Street, in which a new shade of brown, with flowing design in ivory-white, blends admirably with a folded vest of old pink. A steel chain with enamelled links adds to the uncommon effect of a bodice deftly draped in front. At the back the foulard is wrinkled, so as to give an effect of greater length, which this style very cleverly

the end of her "many inventions." Nor are her hats less seductive than her frocks, the same excellent taste directing that important part of the feminine *ensemble*.

Tulle seems to have spent its little hour on our smartest millinery, by the way, and on several "quite the latest" masterpieces at Humble's it was conspicuous by its absence. One charming white satin straw was trimmed instead with a sheeny gauze, into which amber and light-green velvet iris blooms were prettily set out. Another arrangement in emerald-green straw and black feathers was beyond words picturesque, under the wide, turned-up brim a posy of gardenias and leaves showing to what realism the flower-workers attain. An ideal boating or "biking" hat discovered itself in a jaunty shape of white straw, on which rosettes of white satin ribbon, bound with narrow black velvet, were arranged in a becoming fussiness. A square-brimmed chapeau of black net, with bordering of scarlet silk poppies, was also one of Humble's never-ending varieties, which, besides achieving the uncommon, are also so becoming, a mixture of qualities to be done homage to in hat or bonnet.

Before deserting the topic, I must describe an alluring little capote brought by a friend from Paris this week, which is destined to figure, with a grey frock, at Ascot. It is made of grey satin straw of pearly softness, woven with narrow bands of white taffetas cut on the cross. The mixture goes excellently. A brim, scolloped all round in two rows, supports a narrow, rather high crown of the stove-pipe order. This, surrounded with black velvet ribbon ending on left side in smart bows, is mixed with a brilliant bunch of cherries, and three black couteau

feathers edged with white further embellish it. Between the double row of straw a little bunch of cherries appears at the side, and a *cache-peigne* of black ribbon velvet coquettes with its wearer's fair hair. If I have been too detailed may I be forgiven; but this hat was decidedly the outcome of an inspired moment.

Every week, or thereabouts, brings forth some new departure in the bicycle or the bicycle-skirt, and, at the moment, all my wheeling acquaintances are taking "Hail! Columbia" as the watchword of the petticoat, which, being freely translated, means that a clever tailor has just completed the solution of the skirt difficulty, and brought out a dress that at once concedes grace, safety, and that pleasing outline for which fair bicyclists have not hitherto been distinguished. Evans, of Argyll House, Hanover Square, calls his production the "Columbia Cycling Skirt," and justly claims its superiority to most others of the tribe. Being divided, it successfully conceals the fact when riding or walking. A wide box-pleat in front gives the necessary "spring," and so prevents the knees coming into their usual energetic evidence, while a slit of three or four inches in this box-pleat admits the front bar and

so keeps the skirt in place. When walking this division is invisible. Evans's skirt is admittedly not alone a step, but a stride forward in the garment *par excellence* of the day. Several noticeably *chic* capes were on view there when I called. One, of the popular tan cloth, embroidered in a conventional foliage design in white guipure appliquéd, another, in plum colour, with embroidery of orchids in tiny mauve and green *paillettes*, were stamped with the unmistakable style of their clever maker.

At the opening ceremony of the West London Hospital Bazaar, the expected presence of the Princess of Wales attracted many smart folk—and, it is to be hoped, their guineas—in a direction which might otherwise have failed to fix the Mayfairian imagination. With the eternal sense of observation which a critical taste in frocks develops, I promptly noticed a gay gown on a newly married friend, which instinct told me was French, for a ducat, and such French, too! Écrù and black-striped lawn, embroidered with Louis XVI. design, the ground powdered with black and yellow spots, was the material. Bunches of gathers were noticeable

at both sides of waist; pink ribbons, covered with small flounces of lawn edged with écrù Valenciennes, were contrived in elaborate trimmings on skirt and bodice. This latter was arranged with a fichu of pink mouseline de soie, and a double collar of lawn, embroidered in small posies of lilies, violets, and pink-tipped daisies, showed above it, underneath a neck-trimming of pink taffetas and ivory lace. Quite a dream of summer raiment, and coming, as I had guessed, from over the Channel.

Now that thirsty summer weather is coming, it may be well to know of a pleasant, harmless drink, which has been strongly recommended to my notice lately. Carter's concentrated lemon syrup is supposed to render innocuous even the doubtful water of foreign hotels, when mixed with it, than which any liquid can surely no further go. To those, therefore, who are afflicted with temperance prejudices, even on "the Continong," it may be worth while to lay in a store of this wonder-working fluid.

Two admirable specimens of furnishing (by Messrs. Waring) are to be seen at the Hans Place Hotel and the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. Situated in Exeter Street, S.W., the Hans Place Hotel has a fine façade in the Elizabethan style, and is built of red brick, pierced by numerous white casements; it has a decidedly picturesque effect. The numerous sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, &c., are decorated and furnished in every style, embracing examples of English and Flemish, also French Renaissance, Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., and First Empire.

The Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, will vie with the best establishments of Paris and Brussels. The ceiling of the Grand Salon is a superb example

of decorative effect; the beams and panels, which are adorned with plastic reliefs finely modelled, are chastely picked out in white and gold, from which depend three electroliers of appropriate and rich design. At the west end a fine Galerie des Musiciens next attracts our attention. The base is filled in with miroirs biseautés in gold frames, behind which are conveniently located the chambres de service.

SYBIL.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

When Sir Jasper Thorndyke, in the person of Mr. Charles Wyndham, first sets eyes upon Dorothy Cruickshank, otherwise Miss Mary Moore, the heroine of the new Criterion play, he can gain no idea of her charms, for the night on which the runaway couple have chosen to elope has turned out dark and stormy. And so he imagines a ruddy-faced, freckled, and fat country girl, with gaily coloured attire, and only realises his mistake when, on the next morning, his unexpected guest comes in through the open window with the sunlight on her golden-brown hair and her hands full of flowers.

She is gowned in white muslin embroidered deeply just above the hem, and cut in a slight square at the neck, where its soft fulness is drawn into a transparent band of lace. The long-ended sash and the shoulder-ribbons and bows are of bright rose-pink silk ribbon, and, as she stands on the arm of a big chair (thereby displaying her dainty sandalled shoes and white silk stockings to the greatest advantage), and fills the vases on the mantelpiece with her bright-hued blossoms, she makes such a lovely picture that it would have been wonderful indeed had Sir Jasper not lost his heart at once.

Later on in the act, when he has distinguished himself as a peacemaker, and the reconciled family party start off to London for the Coronation festivities, you get a glimpse of Dorothy's "running-away" pelisse of lavender-grey cloth, all bordered with double rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, while the big black velvet bonnet is tied on with broad pink strings and trimmed with high white ostrich feathers.

And Priscilla, the stolid maid (in whom you amazingly discover dainty Miss Annie Hughes), stands by with wide-opened eyes—and mouth—watching the hurry of the departure, her short mauve cotton frock disclosing, in all their uncompromising ugliness, her white cotton stockings and elastic-side boots, while her face is framed by a big white muslin cap bedecked with blue ribbons.

Then, in the third act, where the company assembles in full force at the London coffee-house, Miss Moore is a vision of girlish loveliness in a pale-blue silk gown, with a band of appliquéd lace for the skirt trimming, while the bodice is arranged with big, pointed revers, edged with a treble piping, and turned back from a little chemisette of drawn white gauze and lace.

Framing her pretty face and the quaint side ringlets of the early Victorian era is a huge poke-bonnet of white beaver, lined and trimmed with pink silk, and adorned, moreover, with some nodding white plumes.

Miss Carlotta Addison is a charming Mrs. Cruickshank, particularly in her festive attire of white silk brocaded with mauve flowers and quaintly trimmed with bands of mauve satin, while her bonnet—of most modest dimensions in comparison with Dolly's—is of the same brocade, bedecked with white ostrich-plumes.

Still another of our well-known actresses has been appearing in old-world attire, which has turned out to be wonderfully becoming—Miss Alma Stanley, to wit, who made her first public reappearance since her "death" as Lady Dedlock in "Jo" at Drury Lane, looking grandly handsome in a skirt of delicate peach-coloured shot glacé, flounced almost up to the waist, while the bodice is draped across a little vest of lace into a waistband fastened with a diamond buckle. The *décolletage* is pronounced, and leaves her superb shoulders quite uncovered, but to make up for this the sleeves do not terminate till the wrist is reached, this combination of low neck and long sleeves being another instance of the old fashions whose revivification constitutes so many of the modern so-called novelties.

Miss Stanley wears her hair drawn down low over her ears, while a narrow band of black velvet is fastened across her forehead, with a huge turquoise gleaming in the centre, her other ornaments being magnificent emeralds and diamonds. A second dress, of black velvet, is made with the most severe simplicity, only relieved by a berthe of exquisite old lace.

As to modern fashions for the stage, "The Clergyman's Daughter" will soon be showing us some delightful Maison Jay gowns at the Gaiety. During her trial trip in the provinces she has been wearing, in the person of Miss Ethel Sydney, a gown of black-and-white checked alpaca, the crossed drapery of the bodice outlined narrowly with black ribbon-velvet, while the skirt is arranged with an infinity of tiny tucks on the hips. To make up for the subdued colouring her Tuscan straw hat is ablaze with anemones—pink, violet, puce, crimson, and white—and is, furthermore, trimmed with mauve and violet tulle.

Another dress has a skirt of white canvas, and a bodice of white accordion-pleated chiffon, banded in at neck and waist with buttercup-yellow satin, while the entire yoke is covered with mellow-tinted guipure sewn with steel beads and huge pearls, and fringed with tiny crystal and steel beads, the sleeves being a foam of chiffon in tiny puffs and frills with touches of lace introduced as an edging. Then, what could be more lovely than an evening-dress of white satin veiled with net, which is sprinkled over with gold sequins, while an accordion-pleated flounce of tulle is arranged in great vandykes, headed with a band of crushed roses, which have showered down their velvety petals on the flounce beneath?

FLORENCE.



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MISS MARY MOORE AT THE CRITERION.

CITY NOTES.

The Settlement begins To-day.

THE YEAR'S PROGRESS.

On the Stock Exchange it is the general custom to predict activity "after Easter" and "after Whitsuntide," and this year is no exception. But, taking advantage of the pause in speculation to look backwards, we find there has certainly been a considerable amount of excitement and activity already this year; for, up to date, 1896 has been anything but prosaic. It is true that the dealings have been confined mainly to one or two markets; but, although the public has stood aloof in most quarters, yet the professional speculators have been busy all round the house, and at least two markets—

Westralian Mining shares and Cycle shares—have become keen popular favourites. The position that has developed this year appears to be briefly this, that the investor and speculator are

looking out for fresh channels and are seizing with avidity on any new opening. The collapse of the Kaffir boom last autumn has caused

the public to fight shy of that department for a time, all the more as the situation in South Africa has been very strained; as American Rails have remained out of favour, and Home Rails have been forced up to prohibitive prices, a new craze or two became absolutely essential.

THE EFFECTS OF CHEAP MONEY.

What we have seen last year and this is, after all, simply the inevitable sequel to the four years of utter stagnation that followed the Baring crisis. During that time money had been accumulating until idle capital had attained to such a volume that it must overflow from the class of securities known as "gilt-edged." Simultaneously, confidence has gradually been returning to the scared public, and the two factors working together have generated once more the speculative spirit all over the country. To see how even the staid investor has been driven away from his favourite stocks by the overwhelming demand for them, we need only glance at the record of a few "trustee" investments this year. When 1895 finished, Consols stood at 106½, which was considered a sensational price; but since then 114 has been touched, and even now the quotation is only about 1½ per cent. below that record figure, so that the yield is now only 2 per cent. per annum. Similarly, India Threes began the year at 107, and have since been over 115. Turning to Corporation stocks, Metropolitan Threes have risen from 113½ to 120, and this is a type of the general movement in the list. So it has been all round in the higher-class securities, and, in face of such quotations, investment has become virtually impossible, for the yield on capital employed in a conservative way is now quite microscopic. It is this compulsion to speculate that is the striking characteristic of the year, so far as it has gone.

THE JANUARY SCARE.

That so considerable an advance has been made in prices is eloquent evidence of the enormous pressure that cheap money is exercising, for conditions have hardly been favourable in many respects for a rise. The year began with a universal feeling of apprehension, for President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message was still fresh in the minds of the public. In January shock followed shock in quick succession. The very first news of the New Year was the intelligence of Dr. Jameson's defeat and surrender, which had a most disturbing effect; and immediately came the German Emperor's telegram of congratulation to President Krüger, in which a direct affront was offered to Great Britain. The whole of the Stock Markets were disorganised by this, for at one time the talk was all of a possible war with Germany. The prompt fitting-out of a strong Flying Squadron lent colour to this fear, and even at the War Office there was a significant bustle. The first week of the year, accordingly, saw wild fluctuations in prices, and it looked as if the public would be completely scared out of the markets by the succession of semi-panics that had gone on since the previous October. But the recuperation was wonderfully rapid. The German Emperor explained; President Cleveland explained; and President Krüger announced that he proposed to deal leniently with Jameson's men. The panic passed away almost as quickly as it had come, and a buoyant recovery then set in.



THE LATE MR. HERMANN ECKSTEIN,
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE RAND MINES, LIMITED.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

AIDS TO THE RALLY.

Besides the feeling of relief that naturally followed on the disappearance of the thunder-clouds from the political horizon, there were reasons to justify the advance. In the first place, the Board of Trade Returns made an excellent showing for December and for the year 1895, the figures confirming the impression which had been steadily growing that the country had entered on a cycle of good trade. Further confirmation was found in the excellent traffic returns that continued to be published week by week by the railway companies; and, finally, the cheerful sentiment was greatly assisted by the publication of the dividend announcements by the various lines for the second half of 1895. The rates of distribution were, in most instances, in excess of the market anticipations, and it can hardly be said that in any single case was the dividend really disappointing. The average increase in the distributions, as compared with the corresponding period in 1894, was about ¼ per cent.; but there were several striking surprises, such as the Great Eastern's announcement of 4 per cent., as against only 2½. It was found that not only were the companies earning considerably more in gross receipts, but that the working expenditure was not keeping pace with the growth in traffic. These encouraging features directed attention to the Home Railway Market, and heavy buying set in. After the scares they had been suffering, the public were only too glad to find attractions in a Home market, and the lead in the Stock Exchange recovery was taken by Home Railways. Ever since then that section has kept decidedly firm, and the strength exhibited there has had a great deal to do with the hardness of markets generally.

A CHECK TO THE RISE.

In March the markets became much less buoyant. The buying during the latter part of January and the whole of February had been rather too fast to endure, and a pause came as regards speculation. But all the time a steady investment demand went on, and kept the undertone strong. The amount of capital seeking employment was too vast to allow of any serious relapse in the sounder stocks, such as Corporation and Colonial securities and Home Railway Preferences and Debentures. Even the more speculative Home Railway Ordinary stocks continued to be well supported, for, in view of their prospects, they had come to be regarded as in the category of investments rather than of speculations. Elsewhere, however, there was more hesitation. From America came somewhat discouraging trade reports, the Baltimore and Ohio fell into the hands of Receivers, and the attitude of the United States towards the Cuban insurgents created not a little uneasiness. The position in the Transvaal, also, was unsettling, the fate of the "Reform" prisoners being in doubt, and the troubles of Italy and Spain in Abyssinia and Cuba exercised a depressing influence. A significant movement was, however, observed towards the end of March—an attempt of the West Australian Mining Market to break away from the Kaffir section, and "start in business on its own account." This was the first symptom of the Westralian mining boom which has now got so merrily under way. In that market the public had at last discovered the new sphere of speculation for which it had been yearning; and, the rush once commenced, it has been growing daily.

BUOYANCY RESUMED.

In other markets also it was impossible to keep the public out for long, and by the end of March the advance was going strongly once more, to be continued throughout April. The demand for Home issues was particularly notable, great encouragement being taken from the impetus given to trade by the extensive naval programme of the Government, and by the striking evidence supplied in the Budget of the growing prosperity of the country. The hints thrown out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the question would have to be considered of reducing the interest given by the Post Office Savings Bank, and that the Sinking Fund purchases in the Funds could not long be kept up at the present prohibitive price of Consols, brought home to the mind of the public how little prospect there was of dearer money for some time to come. In the Argentine department also there was a strong demand, in view of the probability that a satisfactory scheme of unification would be carried through in the present session of Congress, and that the National and Provincial loans of the Republic would be rolled into one huge consolidated debt. In sympathy, other South American issues have come into more prominence, and for some six weeks past quite a hopeful feeling has been apparent in regard to the group, reminding one of the days before the Baring failure, although hopes are now more chastened. The only department that has persistently hung back is the American Railway Market, which the British public has refused to touch this year as yet. The result of the Presidential election is awaited, or, at all events, a definite declaration by the candidates in regard to the currency question; and the American public appears to be in the same hesitating frame of mind. Since the year began it has been confidently predicted every week that the "next boom would be in the Yankee Market"; but, although it looked like coming once, the Baltimore and Ohio Receivership spoiled any prospect of its development.

THE CYCLE BOOM.

The "cycle boom" has given us plenty of excitement during the past few weeks, although quite recently dulness has been the characteristic of the market. Speculators seem a little weary of excitement in

unlimited doses, and rises of £4 in a day in the shares of cycle companies can only lead to financial lunacy or serious contemplation. It is to be hoped that speculators are adopting the latter course, and that to this fact we may ascribe the check in the somewhat dangerous "boom." There has been a rather easier tendency in the issues of the new Dunlop Company. The debentures have been offered as low as 5 discount, owing to the allotments being in excess of expectations; but it is scarcely probable that the stock can continue depressed for any length of time, as it promises to be a satisfactory industrial security. But among cycle shares generally a little wisdom requires to be assimilated by speculators. Agents of London promoters are offering very large sums to any and every concern that calls itself a cycle company, with a view to offering further gigantic combinations to an avaricious public. A rumour of an offer has been enough to impart the nature of a rocket to any individual share. Star Tubes rushed up £3 in one day, and have been as high as 13½ premium, which is fairly energetic for a share on which £1 is paid. Beestons have been as low as 5s. during the present year, but a lucky holder could have sold at 8½ when the dividend of £1 per share was announced. Another extraordinary rise has been in Grappler shares, also on rumours of a purchase. The shares have been at the rubbish value of half-a-crown during the present year, but a few days back they stood at 3½, with a jump of 1½ in one day. A mere whisper that the Humber Company were inclined to think about using Simpson's lever-chains sent the quotation of the latter from 10s. to £1. In fact, all along the list the same story could be told. Shares that were rubbish a few months back have proved equivalent to big balances at the bank. On merits, we might doubt whether more than five or six shares could pass muster; but nobody regards merits in a boom, except as a highly respectable connection to be tolerated and pitied. On past dividend payments there is but a very limited list that has paid enough to yield 5 per cent. at the present quotations. But, so long as the speculator can be shown shares such as Beestons, that stood at 3d. only last year and could since be sold for nearly £9, there is little chance of restraining him from plunging, in the hope of further prizes.

The influential syndicate which so successfully reconstructed the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company has now taken in hand perhaps the largest and most important cycle manufactory in the United Kingdom—that known all over the world as "Singer's," of Coventry. Messrs. Singer and Co. have always cultivated a very high-class *clientèle*, and they have found their reward in doing so, for few cycles are in such great and increasing demand among the "classes" as the renowned "Singer." It is a striking fact that the business has doubled in volume during the last year, and that, even with the facilities afforded by the newly built extensive works in Canterbury Street, it has been found quite impossible to cope with the immense demand for machines. A brilliant success for the new company may be expected.

NITRATE STOCKS.

In these there have been two important features since the year began—the new combination to restrict output, and the death of Colonel North. Many efforts had been made to effect such a combination as would attain the desired end, but, for one reason or another, they all fell through until the end of January or beginning of February, when it was decided among the English companies that for three years from April 1 the exports of nitrate by these companies from Chili should be restricted to 24½ million quintals for the first of the three years, and for the two following years should be regulated by the Nitrate Committee on the basis of consumption. It was also provided that the nitrate producers who had existing contracts with the railways should have their shipments regulated by the arrangements which were in force from July 1894 to June 1895. The agreement seems to be working satisfactorily enough so far; but there is the proviso that, on the advent of a new producer who will not accept the regulations of the Committee, the combination may be put an end to. The agreement is, therefore, still in a somewhat indefinite position, but there does not appear to exist any strong reason for departing from it on the part of any of the contracting parties, nor is there any indication at the moment of formidable competitors turning up.

By the death of Colonel North the interests connected with the nitrate industry are deprived of the personality most closely associated with that industry. When the fact of Colonel North's death became known, it was thought that large holdings of nitrate shares in which he was interested might be thrown on the market. But the Colonel does not appear to have had such extensive holdings as he was understood to have. Like a wise and prudent man, he appears to have realised in time much of his interests in the industry with which his name is and will be associated. On the market, therefore, the effect of the tragic event was not a pronounced one. Nevertheless, the course of nitrate shares during 1896 has not been in the upward direction. It is never a good sign when recourse is necessary to artificial means of restricting the supply of any commodity.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

Our correspondents have so often been warned against Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co., that it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to say any more; but, as the firm continue to flood this country with circulars, we cannot do better than print two letters, the first sent to a reader of ours as an example of the fair way in which they conduct their business, and the second in reply to a request that they would repurchase some City of Paris bonds which he had acquired through them. The

letters speak for themselves, but we shall be glad to give Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. a chance of explanation if they have any to offer.

(No. 1.)

DEAR SIR,—As stated in our circulars and pamphlets, we are always prepared to rebuy fully paid-up Bonds at a reduction of Five Shillings per Bond from the price paid us for same, if the Bonds are returned to us immediately after the next drawing following date of purchase, or before having participated in more than one drawing.

In the same way we are *at all times* pleased to rebuy from our customers fully paid-up Bonds at a reduction of Five Shillings per Bond for each drawing which has taken place since date of purchase, and in which the customer has consequently participated.

We cannot, however, undertake to rebuy Bonds bought from us on the Instalment system, until all the instalments have been paid up.

We invariably remit the amount due in accordance with these terms by first post following receipt by us of the Bonds intended to be sold us.—Always at your service, we remain, sincerely yours,

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL, AND CO.

(No. 2.)

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your favour of 27th inst., in which you complain that we have not replied to yours of 20th inst., and you say, "I consider your remissness very unsatisfactory."

In reply, allow us to point out to you that we are not your servants, and that we do not consider ourselves bound to do whatever you may wish us to do. You want to sell some Bonds, but, if we are not anxious to buy them, we are surely under no obligation to answer your letter.

If you will make us a clear offer, stating the lowest price you are prepared to accept for your Bonds, we will consider the offer, and, if we decide to accept it, we shall write you to that effect; but, if we are not disposed to accept your offer, we shall not consider it necessary to write you to that effect.—We remain, sincerely yours,

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL, AND CO.

For cool audacity we confess we have never read anything like the above, especially when we add that our correspondent replied by offering to take off five shillings for each drawing which had taken place since he bought, and has received no answer to his offer.

"TIPS."

We are glad to say our Woodstock (Transvaal) "tip" has come off, and we advise our readers to take their profits, which have been very rapid.

Unless we are misinformed, Coats' Ordinary will see something like fifty pounds each before long, and those of our readers who can get in at present price should do well in all probability.

Jay and Co., of Regent Street, is to be out this week, and, although at the time of going to press we have not been able to see a prospectus, we are sure that it will be an issue worthy the attention of our readers. We know the business to be a sound one, occupying a position almost unrivalled in London, and the vendor, Mr. Tom Jay, is so well known as a man who is above suspicion in all his dealings that there will, no doubt, be a rush for the shares of this company. We hope our readers will be fortunate enough to secure allotments.

Friday, May 22, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CAUTION.—We should say "No." From inquiries we have made in America we think you had better have no dealings with the people in question.

H. M.—We wrote you fully as to Lady Margaret and the other mines you inquired about. The shares of the Croydon Consols are 4s. 6d. paid, with a liability of sixpence. There are 66,666 out of 400,000 fully paid, but we understand the 4s. 6d. paid shares are the ones usually dealt in.

W. M.—We should be glad if you would let us know whether either of the solicitors to whom we advised you to apply can give you information as to Chaffey Brothers, Limited.

BOILER.—(1) All West Australian things are on the rise. (2) Get out as soon as you can do so at a profit. (3) No. Leave this concern severely alone—it is a fraud.

H. S.—We said Chatham Second Preference were worth buying, because we knew the difficulty over the Company's Bill has been arranged. We should say the stock was good to hold, but cannot be responsible for any immediate market fluctuations.

HORSELESS.—Don't touch it. Mr. H. J. Lawson is practically controlling the company, and we do not consider his connection with it a recommendation.

A. J. P.—You really must not get carried away with the bicycle boom, as, from your letter, we judge you are. Subscribe to no new companies, except to such first-rate concerns as Singer's—which will be out in a few days—and the Coventry Machinist Company, which will follow. Leave all the rubbishing tyre and tube companies which flood the papers every day severely alone.

WELLEN.—(1) The Southern Associated is, as far as mines go, good enough; but we don't like the people. (2) We cannot read the name. (3) No. See answer to "H. S."

SUCCESS.—Yes, Woodstock (Transvaal) Shares have reached £2. Take your profit and be thankful for it. We do not often give tips which come off so soon.

GARRYMORE.—We should say you might split your money as you suggest; but instead of debentures the market tip is the 4 per cent. preference shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

EATON.—You don't say at what price you bought; if you have a reasonable profit, take part of it, and hold the rest of the shares for a while longer.

T. E.—If the first-named bond was drawn while you were paying instalments, you are entitled to the prize. See letters this week.

For the Derby and the Oaks the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements, so that trains may be despatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand.

The South-Western Railway Company also announce that they have arranged to run the usual special express trains from London direct to their Stations at Epsom.